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CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE IN LOUISIANA.

From the Rochester (N. Y.) Express.

THE following is a brief synopsis of the eloquent and able lecture delivered by Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels, in Corinthian Hall, on Sunday evening, and which was listened to with profound attention by a large and highly intelligent audience. Every true Republican and loyal person in the community should have heard it:

The speaker made a few introductory remarks, referring to the fact that in LAW all are required to state the truth, but law *makers* and politicians often conceal it. She then proceeded to refer to the superior natural advantages of the Southern over Northern States, in climate, soil, productions, and facilities for commerce, possessing such natural resources as should have made them the leaders in science, manufactories and agriculture. The great staple, cotton, yielded, in 1859, 5,335,354 bales of 400 pounds each, the value of which was $900,000,000—a sum nearly equal to one-third of the national debt!

The people before the war were divided into three classes—the slaveholders, the slaves, and poor whites. The first named class ruled the South, and by an unjust system of labor, amassed great wealth, at the expense of a large majority of the people, and to the great disadvantage of the country.

The Southern States, with a seaboard of more than two thousand miles, with vast rivers and splendid harbors, conducted less than one-sixth of the commerce of the whole United States, and owned only a small portion of that sixth.

But her special subject was the condition of Louisiana, which State, in location, climate, soil, and inhabitants, possessed greater interest than any other in the Union. A delightful and salubrious climate and great richness and variety of soil, rendered it capable of producing everything that grows in the North, and many of the tropical productions. Forming as it does by its Southern position, an outlet for the great artery of the nation, the Mississippi river, is at once clothed with an interest which does not belong to any other section, receiving the "debris" of all the waters between the Rocky Mountains and the Alleganies.

The unbroken beauty of this State was referred to, and she quoted the beautiful lines of Longfellow in Evangeline.

"They entered the Bayou of Plaquemine; soon they were lost in a maze of winding and devious waters, which, like a net work of steel, extended in every direction. Over their heads the waving and tembrous boughs of the cypress met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air hung like the shadows that cling to the walls of some ancient cathedral." * * * * *

"Those who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

This description is only truthful of the surface of the country; the people, comprising every nationality under the sun, present in some portions the most abject poverty and benighted ignorance, while New Orleans, the Crescent City and Metropolis of the South, has from its location no real claim to existence, and the speaker was compelled to say had little claim to civilization.

Here all languages and idioms were spoken, from the pure Parisian to the low French of the Acadians and Gascon, Spanish, German, English, and all other tongues. This mixed population consisted in numbers of 708,000 inhabitants, of whom 347,000 were whites, 18,000 free colored, 331,000 slaves, and only 16,000 slaveholders. The last number constituted the ruling class, the aristocracy, and arrogated to themselves the right of ruling the remaining 692,000 inhabitants.

Religion, society, politics, all were controlled by this wealthy minority, under the truly revolting and horrible system of slave labor. Many of the relics of that institution, discovered by officers under the command of the intrepid Butler, show a cruelty and barbarism unequalled by anything except the ancient Inquisition, from which it was borrowed. Labor was thus degraded, and the "poor whites" reduced to a condition worse than the actual slave.

The real and personal estate of the inhabitants amounted to $602,118,000, yet there were only 334 miles of railroads, and four miles of canals. The whole amount of capital invested in manufactories was $47,000,000; while Massachusetts, not larger than one Congressional District of Louisiana, had a capital of $132,792,000, and the whole amount of Southern capital invested in man, would not equal one-sixth of that of the North. Having in agriculture great advantages, and producing yearly 777,788 bales of cotton, 221,000 hogsheads of sugar, and 17,000,000 gallons of molasses, the State still had fewer farms, and a smaller number of acres under cultivation than Massachusetts, as the following figures will show:

LOUISIANA.—Number of farms, 17,000; acres improved, 2,156,512; acres unimproved, 6,591,408.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Number of farms, 35,000; acres improved, 2,707,108; acres unimproved, 1,183,212.

It will be seen that the number of acres of unimproved lands in Louisiana, on farms already occupied, exceed those of Massachusetts by more than 5,000,000 of acres! It only requires these statistics to show the improvident and unprofitable system of labor formerly existing in the South, and that the vast natural resources are still undeveloped, awaiting the magic hand of enlightened labor.

She then referred to the change wrought by the rebellion, which had in reality proved to be a revolution—not as its perpetrators intended, against the government of the United States, but in reality against their own political and social institutions, and would inaugurate an entirely new system of labor and society.

New Orleans was the heart of the Confederacy—as was Richmond the head, and Charleston the right arm. The Crescent City had dearly paid for her devotion to the "lost cause," as her now deserted streets, empty mansions and unoccupied levees showed. But these lessons have not humbled the people engaged in the late rebellion; their bitterness and hatred continue, and they have lost no opportunity of expressing, both in words and acts of cruelty, their aversion to the best government in the world!

She gave a glowing tribute to the lion-hearted and iron-handed Butler, who was the only General South of the Potomac who had dared to be "master of the situation;" the only one (except the gallant Sheridan) whom the Union people remember with gratitude.

The speaker then proceeded to show that the present situation and imminent danger of starvation among the loyal of that and other States in the South; their great need of protection from rebel insults and murder; the inadequate measures of relief adopted by Congress, as administered by Mr. Johnson and his Generals; and finally referred to an organization of the loyal citizens of that State (Louisiana), having in view the assistance of Union people to homes and the proper results of labor. Through Congress, and through the press, and above all, through the voice of humanity, the Southern Union people demand the right to existence; and, aside from the question of right or wrong, which should always animate an enlightened government, it now becomes in the South a question of life or death; and the Southern Unionists have, in the language of Sheridan, "nearly all colored faces." Would you prefer white rebels to colored loyal voters, especially when it requires great discrimination to perceive the difference in color?

The speaker closed by depicting the horrors of the July massacre of 1866, and the wanton murder of Union men before and since that time, all of which remain unavenged—the perpetrators unpunished. But these things cannot always last, and the loyal South does not forget the blood and treasure sacrificed for the Union and liberty. Though the Christian forget Jerusalem, and the Musselman the tomb of the Prophet, they will never forget the hundred battle-fields where our martyrs were slain, nor the sacred shrines of freedom!

REBELS TILL DEATH.

From the Marion (Va.) Record.

WENDELL PHILLIPS said in a late article that the burning of gunpowder did not change men's sentiments and feelings—in other words, that the late horrible war did not change any one from a rebel to a loyal citizen, and that all the rebels would die rebels. This view was not in accordance with our preconceived notions, for we had thought that as all nature was continually changing, and as even our bodies were undergoing a transformation from infancy to old age, that a rebel might be changed in some way to a loyal citizen. But after a mature consideration of the matter we are persuaded that Mr. Phillips is about right in his view, and that those who wilfully rebelled against the "best government the sun ever shone on," will remain so until death. They are like Dives's five brethren who would not be convinced though one should rise from the dead, and add his testimony to all the woes and disasters which rebellion has brought on us.

When the Reconstruction acts were first passed there was a great trembling in the South, and a portion of the people became very penitent and proposed to mend their ways, but Andrew Johnson's disloyalty and bold opposition to those acts reassured the rebellious and they are now more impenitent than they were even when they had Jeff. Davis reigning over them.

The first objection raised by the Secessionists to the Reconstruction acts was that they disfranchised their leaders in the rebellion, but when they found that they could not immediately secure the colored vote, they took up the cry of "white man's party," and have gone to work to disfranchise all the freedmen and poor whites, and there is nothing on earth that would now satisfy the rebels but to let them have the negroes and all the poor whites to rule over and do their bidding. Whilst we heartily desire to see slavery's chains, in every form, forever broken and sundered apart, and every human being standing before his Maker with all the rights and privileges of using their own bodies for honestly securing the necessaries of life, and for the improvement of their intellects, we can but hope and believe that all the efforts of the rebels to thwart this end will prove unavailing and be covered, as in the past struggle, with nothing but shame, disaster and defeat.

The rebels profess to fear being placed under negro rule. We regard this talk as all stuff. They only fear the negroes will never again come into slavery under their rule. There is no way that they can ever come under their rule, except by their own voluntary act, and by continued opposition and rebellion against the laws of the land. No colored man desires it and no white man, North or South, wishes to place even the rebels under the rule of the negroes. All the colored man wants is that his freedom shall be secured and that he shall have an equal chance before the laws of the nation, and if the conservative could yield this point and not continue to try and bring the colored man under white slavish rule, the matter would be all settled. We feel confident that the old slave masters of the South could in a very short time secure almost the unanimous vote of the colored people, if they would yield to them the privilege of voting, and promise to employ them and furnish them homes, and to arrange for their education and elevation, as we feel sure it would be nothing more than right and proper for them to do. We are assured that it is with pain and many regrets that the colored man finds himself called upon to vote against those with whom they have been raised and to whom they would delight to look for favor. Is there no way for the old slaveowners to change their ways, and learn to render to even the humblest, equal rights under a Republican government. God makes the sun to shine equally bright on the colored man; He makes the water to flow as plentifully for him, the world to look with equal beauty and to produce food in abundance for all, while it is acknowledged by all Christians that Jesus died to save all who believe on him in some bright heaven, then why cannot we imitate God's dealings with us in our government of the land he has so kindly given us, and let all be equally interested in making and obeying its laws. The ten commandments are equally good and binding on men of all colors, the Declaration of Independence says all just governments derive their powers from the consent of the governed. Study on these things all ye conservatives. Why should the great Caucasian, of strong intellect, with education and lands, without any prejudice against the color of his skin, want any advantage in law to keep him up with, or ahead of the colored man? Laws should protect the weak, surely the white man should not think himself so weak as to need a law passed to help him to keep the colored man from getting ahead of him. We claim no great powers of intellect, but if the colored man can get ahead of us in the great race of life let him go, we want no law passed to hold him back. All we ask is an equal chance.

UNDOING EMANCIPATION.

From the American Baptist.

THE settled purpose of the unreconstructed white South, to defeat and nullify the emancipation proclamation and the constitutional guarantee of universal freedom, is no longer concealed. Everywhere the desperate hostility to the admission of coloren men to citizenship and the suffrage, the only means by which their liberties can be preserved, shows that the aristocratic whites will, as they threatened at the beginning of the war, sooner make their streams and rivers run red with negroes' blood, than consent to live with them on terms of equality. Our government are aiding them in obstructing the reconstruction of the States on the basis of universal suffrage. Johnson and Seward, the great compromisers, have fixed upon colonization as the only scheme to prevent freedmen from gaining the ascendency in States where their votes are most numerous. The public are blinded with Walrussia and St. Thomas, while Samana and Cuba are the real objects at which Seward is aiming. He thinks by humoring and stimulating the national desire for expansion, he can draw along Cuba and Haiti as the natural sequence of the small purchases already made, without arousing the suspicion of the anti-colonizationists. But let not the friends of freedom be deceived. It is only as colonizing grounds that Cuba and Samana are wanted. Africa is too far off. The experiment has been thoroughly tried, and every new shipload of emigrants send back murmurs of disappointment. But Cuba and Haiti are at our doors, and when they have once become part of our territory, government can move the colored people from one settlement to another, just as they do the Indians. A Southern religionist, writing for the New York *Church Union*, speaks the general sentiment of his brethren when he says:

"It will be ruinous to embody the race into our corporation and society. We wish them well, but we cannot fight against God, by controverting his will. All must bow to the decrees of Omnipotence, and manage life and government so as to deter corruption and destruction. Each race and nation, on their own continent, can do well without the other, and future experience will attest capacity and excellence in each by itself, without the confusion and confoundings incident to a senseless conglomeration."

It is this universal demand for expatriation to Africa that Secretary Seward hopes to pacify by providing regions nearer home. Meantime the tyrannous work of re-enslaving and killing off the freedmen, making their condition intolerable, and preparing them to go *anywhere*, rather than suffer what they do suffer, is being pushed forward with vigor. A highly-respected and influential brother, writing to us from Evansville, Indiana, where he has opportunity of witnessing the workings of the system as it is carried on in Kentucky, gives us some astounding facts. He is frequently applied to by colored parents living in Indiana to recover their children still held in bondage on the other side of the river. He says:

"We read almost daily of murders, arsons and robberies perpetrated against the right of colored persons in the Southern States; but there are outrages perpetrated in the state of Kentucky, of which as yet nothing has been published. I refer to the fact that colored persons, mostly children and youth, *are held as slaves* in that State. They are so held to-day in the counties adjacent to this part of Indiana, situated on the Ohio river, namely: Daviess, Henderson and Union counties, and I am satisfied that they are held so in other counties on Green river.

"These children are not called slaves (this is an ugly word), apprentices. Slavery having been abolised, they are now bound apprentices, mostly to the old slaveholders, frequently to their former masters. To all intents and purposes they are slaves, only they are treated, if possible, with greater cruelty than they were before the war—watched, worked, and whipped during the day, and imprisoned at night, frequently underfed, not half clothed, beaten, degraded and brutalized. I write what I know, and what can be proved, if this statement is denied by any responsible person, and an investigation demanded.

"All along this Ohio river border are parents whose children are thus held in bondage in Kentucky. Many of the fathers were soldiers in the Union army, and they dare not venture across the river after their children for fear of being shot or some other wrong done to them.

"Who shall see that these slaves are liberated and restored to their rights? Who shall protect these helpless colored children, bound hand and foot, in the power of their former owners?

"Instead of abolishing the Freedmen's Bureau, it should be continued and its influence and power extended into every slave State until every vestige of slavery and oppression is destroyed, root and brach."

Such is the state of things among us, as we enter the year of Grace, 1868! And yet no one raises the cry of alarm, no one seems disposed to stand in the breach and fight the foe at the outset, but must wait until he fairly gets possession of the citadel, and by that time Grant, with another army, will probably be needed to do their work over again. Was ever such infatuation in a nation? We are sick of such stupendous folly. It is not enough that we have tampered with the spirit of rebellion in years gone by, until we are loaded with a crushing debt, but we must go on tampering still, humoring and cajoling the enemies of the Republic, buying up new lands for their sakes, and swelling our pecuniary liabilities till our credit is gone, and, to finish, we become defenceless and helpless, a prey to any foe, foreign or domestic, that chooses to lay hands on us.

THE PRESS.

THE Senate's action in the case of Secretary Stanton; the more stringent legislation proposed in aid of Reconstruction; and the passage, by the House, of the Supreme Court bill, has awakened again a general and lively interest in public affairs. The Impeachment question is again referred to, and is not unlikely to assume an importance unlooked for of late. As an index of the present tone of opinion among their respective constituents, we present herewith the comments of the leading daily journals of this city. Of

THE SITUATION

the *Tribune* says:

The next card may be Impeachment. Mr. Johnson might as well understand this before he forces upon Congress the necessity. We trust wisdom will prevail. But if the President makes himself an "impediment," he must be swept away. This is the Logic of the Hour. An issue has been forced upon the President which he must answer. If he admits the right of Congress to restore Mr. Stanton, then he admits everything. If he denies it, he places himself in antagonism to the law, and is guilty of a misdemeanor.

The whole difficulty began in the Spring. When the Reconstruction bill was pending, the President fought it. His friends in Congress made a strenuous opposition. He vetoed it. But Congress prevailed, and the President's friends announced that while he opposed the law, and had resisted its passage, it *was* law, and he would execute it in letter and in spirit. Some of our friends did not believe him, and wished Congress not to adjourn. An adjournment was effected, however, and, although a day of meeting was arranged in the Summer, it was thought that none would be held. The President seemed to be under good influences. He appointed Sheridan, and Sickles, and Pope. He was gradually returning to sympathy with the country. He was regarded as an obstinate, resolute man doing a duty that was unpleasant, and the country honored him. Congress went home, and it seemed as if it were to have a Summer of rest.

An evil influence seemed gradually to spread over Washington. We heard hints, and mutterings, and dark suggestions. The President was beginning to doubt. Mr. Stanbery was put to his law books to see if a flaw could be found in the Reconstruction act. Mr. Black (who seems to be the Mephistopheles of this Administration, as well as of that of Mr. Buchanan), and Mr. Blair, and a crowd of adventurers were swarming around his Excellency and urging him to "vigor." He was admonished to "beware of the nigger." Finally, the law was found to be no law, and instead of generals commanding, the commanders of the South were merely policemen obeying. Congress hastened together, and the law was made more stringent. Surely there could be no mistake now, and the President would do his duty. Stanbery's police idea was one breach of faith. Congress had scarcely adjourned before there was another. "Congress has certainly given these generals power," said the evil counsellors. "If you cannot break the law, put its administration in the hands of trusty commanders." The country wanted Sheridan, and Sickles, and Stanton. They were honest men doing their duty. This would not do, and they were dismissed. The War Minister was stricken down, and the two trusted generals were disgraced. Sickles was degraded to a colonelcy, and Sheridan sent out to the Indian country. A Tammany Hall Democrat was found for New Orleans, and instead of carrying out the law of Congress, the generals were directed to carry out "the President's great work of Constitutional freedom." This, at least, was the way the President's organ expressed it. The understanding, which morally was as much a contract as though it had been solemnly executed between the President and Congress, had been violated.

"Let this man be impeached," said a large number of our friends. We deemed impeachment to be unwise, because we saw more evils to come from the overthrow of the President—a tedious ceremony of law with a doubtful result—than by keeping him in his place under proper legislative control. Probably we were wrong, and trusted too much in the sober second thought of the President. Be that as it may, Congress agreed with us, and impeachment was suspended. It will be an admonition, we hoped, and the President will be wise.

Folly has been succeeded by folly, and madness by madness. Mr. Stanton was removed. The President felt that his duty was to submit his action to the Senate. The Senate overruled him. Gen. Grant retired from the War Office, and Mr. Stanton was again Secretary. What do we see? The President proclaims to the world that he has been cheated, swindled, deceived, his confidence abused. He did not intend that Mr. Stanton should come back, the Senate concurring or nonconcurring. "President Johnson," murmurs the official organ, "was *greatly surprised* at the surrender by Gen. Grant of the trust reposed in him as Secretary of War *ad interem*." "The people of the country will doubtless be startled at the communication that Mr. Stanton has so *quietly resumed possession* of the War Department." The *World* says that Grant "has acted inconsistent with his honor as a gentleman and his duty as a soldier;" and another writer who is known to be in the confidence of the President, intimates that Gen. Grant will be placed under arrest, and Lieut.-Gen. Sherman given command of the Army. This means that the President intended to make an issue with Congress—to have a quarrel—and not to obey the law. He did not intend to do this in his own person, but through the medium of Grant. Grant was to be the weapon—the nominal combatant—and behind his popularity the President would shield himself, as he has done a hundred times before. He would kill two birds with one stone. He would ruin Grant with the country by placing him in antagonism with the law; and he would keep Stanton out of the War Office.

Because Gen. Grant declines to do Mr. Johnson's dirty work, to be his creature and cat's-paw, and cover the infamies of the Administration with the lustre of his great name, the President howls with disappointed rage, and his followers foam with indignation. We honor Gen. Grant for what he has done. We regard these attacks upon his truthfulness as the baying of so many hounds. In a question of veracity between Ulysses S. Grant and Andrew Johnson, between a soldier whose honor is as untarnished as the sun, and a President who has betrayed every friend, and broken every promise, the country will not hesitate. Let this fight be open and manly. *If Andrew Johnson means to defy this Tenure-of-office law, and make war upon the country, let him do it if he dare, and take the consequences?* Edwin M. Stanton is Secretary of War, and he can only be removed by the operation of law. Of, course the President does not desire him in the War Office; but neither does he want Mr. Stevens in the House, nor Mr. Sumner in the Senate. He wishes their absence so badly that he has publicly expressed his opinion they should be hung. Still, they are in Congress, just as Stanton is in the Cabinet; they are officers of the government, and must be respected.

"Let Stanton resign," say some, "and thus tide over this trouble." We beg Mr. Stanton not to resign. If we are to have a contest with Mr. Johnson of a decisive character, the sooner it comes the better. We have had enough of patience, compromise, forbearance. Our cause is that of justice, and we owe the millions of helpless loyalists in the South too much to see them sacrificed to the spirit of slavery and treason which now rules incarnate in the person of Andrew Johnson. Therefore, we say, let the President, if he dare, put a finger upon Mr. Stanton or Gen. Grant. We have sacrificed too much for freedom to see it stifled in a night by these conspirators against the public good. These men are enemies of the Republic. Under the pretense of saving the country and executing the laws, they are laboring to bring anarchy upon us. They seek to make the South a hell, to have race to be arrayed against race, and vengeance to take the place of justice. Every step that the loyal men have taken toward reconstruction is opposed, and the President of the United States, the sworn executor of the law, stands to-day in the position of its most persistent and powerful foe. But for him every Southern State would be in Congress, and the country would be satisfied.

"Yes, but we will lose the elections," say some, "and the Copperheads will triumph." Well, we have heard that before, and we find no terror in it. If the slave interest is to triumph, and the loyal men of the South are to be remanded to the mercy of the men who tried to enslave and murder them for five years, let it be done by the Copperheads when they come into power, and not by our negative consent. Defeat may come with honor, but let it find us standing sternly by the right, yielding no principle, making no concession. We are beaten to-day, if defeat is our destiny. Rather than see the Congress of America tamely concede one element of justice, or surrender one man to the tyranny of the Rebel power, or permit the President to put a finger upon Mr. Stanton or Gen. Grant, we would accept any political fate. This Congress cannot recede. It cannot shirk its responsibility, and it must not be paralyzed by concessions to a President who, finding he cannot rule the country, seems bent upon ruining it.

—Therefore, we admonish the President and his midnight, back-stairs counselors, like Black, and Coyle, and Blair, to be cautious! The next card that Congress may play is Impeachment. It is for Mr. Johnson to say whether it shall be played or not.

The *World*, in a double-leaded article writes with unusual emphasis of

"THE RUMP REVOLUTION"

as follows:

The Revolutionists of the Rump Congress are advancing rapidly to the final consummation of their treason. Thither all their steps have tended since the putting down of the rebellion removed every hindrance but themselves to a restored Union. They have taken no steps backward.

They began by denying to the people of ten States their right to be represented in the government. Next they ejected from their seats in Congress Northern representatives enough to give them a two-thirds majority for overriding every veto which might block their path to power. Having made themselves a Rump, they proceeded to make the Rump supreme.

They passed a bill stripping the Executive of his power to remove civil subordinates whose faithless discharge of their trusts might incapacitate him, through them, to execute the laws. They stripped him even of the power to choose his confidential advisers, and they have restored to his seat in the Cabinet (and their tool obeys the mandate) a minister who had pronounced the law unconstitutional by which he holds his place; and to-day, having erected a military government in ten States, they are stripping the Commander-in-Chief of all control of his subordinates in the army of the United States.

Thus not merely do they leave naked of all his rightful authority and power Andrew Johnson, the transient choice of the people of the United States as the executor of their laws, but they are destroying one equal and co-ordinate branch of the government as it was established in 1789; and to the people themselves remains, out of the whole body of executive power then assigned and distributed to their servants, nothing but the privilege to participate in a packed election, from which ten out of thirty-seven States are excluded, for a Chief Magistrate reduced to impotence, and a Commander-in-Chief whom they are instructing his army to disobey.

Congress is to-day the Executive. The chair, the duty, the authority which once were Washington's and Jefferson's, Madison's and Jackson's, Adams's, Harrison's and Taylor's, this Rump usurps.

For the spotless ermine which Jay, Marshall, and Taney have worn, though now resting chiefly upon the shoulders of men of their own choice, they reserve no better fate. The judicial power vested by the people in one Supreme Court, like the executive power vested in the President, stands equally in their way, and blocks their path to unbalanced, uncontrolled supremacy. The judgment of that high tribunal in the Milligan case; their unanimous judgment that where the authority of the United States was unopposed and its courts were open, a military commission had no jurisdiction to try a citizen who was neither a prisoner of war nor in the military service; the judgment of a majority that Congress could not have given a military commission jurisdiction, left the usurpers of the Rump without hope that the judges would become their tools. If clear-eyed justice did not hesitate to pronounce lawless the deeds which had a state of war for their excuse, they could not hope it would spare their usurpations ventured in time of peace. Wherefore to secure themselves in their usurpations of executive power, and to intrench themselves against the bolt which sooner or later was to be delivered from the sovereign seat of justice and to shatter the right arm of their strength and the military governments of the South, which were their citadels, the Rump, taking no steps backward, advances to the audacious usurpation of the authority of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Congress is to-day the Judiciary. The Constitution which gave Congresses the right to be, the laws heretofore enacted in pursuance therewith, the authoritative decisions of a noble line of justices unimpeached for their probity, and who have judged the people righteously—these and all these the Rump makes less of than the vote of a majority of its caucus; these and their authority the Rump usurps.

Thus the legislative power of the people of ten States, and the Executive power and Judiciary power of the people of thirty-seven States, is usurped by a Rump calling itself a National Legislature and making itself supreme.

These men are traitors, and this is revolution.

The men of the Rump are traitors—not with arms seeking to secede from one free government in order to establish another like the first—they are traitors to representative government itself, to the institutions which alone in modern times have enshrined civil liberty. They are traitors to the freedom of freemen.

What next?

The Rump revolutionists leave us in no doubt. No steps backward. They tread straightforwardly the path down which other nations have been led by other traitors to the rights, the liberties, and the governments of other peoples. The key to all those arsenals of governmental power, from which they are ejecting the lawful custodians, they propose to surrender to Gen. Grant. He is named by his office in the last Reconstruction bill. Him they load with their plunder and their stolen badges of authority.

What should now hinder the House of Representatives from dissolving the Senate; or what hereafter should prevent Gen. Grant from dispersing both. Not the Supreme law, for they may as well abdicate the powers they possess, as usurp those with which they were never endowed; and he may as well profit by his own usurpations as consent to profit by theirs. It is not a more flagrant violation of the Supreme law to abolish a branch of the Legislature than to take into the custody of both branches powers elsewhere deposited to be the check and balance upon theirs. And when Gen. Grant accepts at the hands of the Revolutionists of the Rump these powers usurped from the Executive and usurped from the Judiciary, he will have deprived the country and Congress itself of the only guarantee which it is possible for him to give, that he will not refuse to lay them down, that he will not attempt theirs also.

What next? The people next November will answer that. They will neither have a Rump Congress supreme over them, nor a Military Dictatorship in the person of Gen. Grant. Ten times more than the founders of our government dreaded from the open or secret monarchists of 1789, these Revolutionists have actually accomplished by affirmative legislation towards breaking down the safeguards of republican self-government. But the attempts which were frustrated then have less prospect of final success now. Generation after generation has enjoyed the blessings of liberty, learned to use and prize them, and transmitted them to their children. The people of 1868 have come into that great inheritance, and will not long be dispossessed of it. Nor will those who have left their native lands to share it with us, whom sharing does not impoverish, consent to see the sacrifice of their right and our birthright.

The people of the United States, be it known to these Revolutionists of the Rump, regard the form of their government and the natural three-fold division of its granted powers, as the chief security of their laws and liberties, next to their own determined will. They conceive that that engagement and solemn compact of the people, the Constitution, obliges the constituent parts of the natior to hold their public faith with each other, the Legislature with the Executive and the Judiciary, obliges each to maintain the others dutifully in an undiminished function and authority.

The people of the United States, be it known to these usurpers of the Rump, be it known to all would-be military dictators, look upon President Johnson with all his faults and whatever his errors, if errors there have been, as their lawful and chosen Chief Magistrate; upon the justices of the Supreme Court as the highest expounders of their laws and sovereign will; upon the powers lodged with them and him as the pledge and not the peril of their liberties. Him and them in all their rightful and granted authority they will uphold, support and defend, whosesoever bodies are carried to jail, whosesoever necks are stretched.

The *Herald*, recently, as our readers will remember, an enthusiastic advocate of impeachment, has performed another of its periodical somersaults, and now writes of

"THE REIGN OF THE JACOBINS—PROGRESS OF THE REVOLUTION IN CONGRESS"

as follows:

"Liberty, equality and fraternity" formed the tripod of the first French republic. That monstrous abortion, however, proved such a hideous outrage upon liberty, such a shocking burlesque of equality, and such a bloody mockery of fraternity, that France was only too glad to escape from it in seeking the protection of a military despotism. The transition was from a reign of terror and anarchy to a reign of law and order; but the law was the will of Napoleon, and the order was that of the bayonet. The Jacobins of Congress, with their "*amis des noirs*" and their dogma of "equal rights to all men," which is equivalent to the French tripod of "liberty, equality and fraternity," are now actively employed in the work of transforming our Republic into an oligarchy as the next step to an empire. We may say we have passed through the stages of the French National Assembly and the Convention, and that we have arrived at the epoch of the Directory, in connection with the two chambers known as the Council of Ancients and the Council of Five Hundred, with our Bonaparte behind the scenes, only awaiting his call upon the stage.

"Old Thad Stevens," in the frank and fearless declaration that "of course we are legislating outside the Constitution," has warned the country that the rule of the Constitution has gone by, and that the will of the party in power is "the supreme law of the land." The experiment of the five Southern military districts, with their five military dictators, negro suffrage, etc., was based upon the plea of necessity. The civil Tenure of Office bill was another necessity. Now, after the failure of the Council of Five Hundred to impeach and remove President Johnson, it has become necessary to put him behind the General of the Army, and the Directory (which is old Thad's joint committee on reconstruction) have accordingly framed and brought in their bill for that purpose. At the same time the Council of Ancients, in their reinstatement of Secretary Stanton, have assumed the power of appointing the Cabinet, and the bill before them from the other House for the practical removal of the stumbling-block of the Supreme Court will doubtless receive their approval and become a law.

All these striking revolutionary measures are directed to the special object of rushing through without further interruption the reconstruction of the ten outside Southern States on the basis of negro suffrage and negro supremacy, in order that said States may be hurried into Congress and that their electoral votes, through patched up negro Radical majorities, may be secured to the Radical candidate for the Presidency. But suppose the President and the Supreme Court assume the responsibility and "apply the breaks hard down" upon these unconstitutional doings of Congress, what then? Unquestionably, we think, at this desperate state of the contest, if either the Executive or the Supreme Court shall afford a plausible pretext for impeachment, this last resort will be adopted; for in the removal of Andrew Johnson, and in the setting up of "Old Ben Wade" in his place, the administration will not only be reconstructed upon the Radical programme, but the Supreme Court likewise. The President has the appointment of the judges. That is the present difficulty. But let "Old Ben Wade" be put in the place of Johnson, and a bill for the appointment of four or five new Supreme judges will be the next thing in order. The Radicals in Congress have the power—they have the will, too—and only want a convenient pretext to get Andrew Johnson out of their way. They are in a critical situation. They have gone too far to retreat, and their only chance is to hurry in the rebel States on their present negro supremacy status at all hazards and without further loss of time.

President Johnson, tied hand and foot, can still do something to embarrass the Radicals in this revolutionary scheme in the interval to next November, when the people will have something to say that will settle all these vexed questions. If Mr. Johnson, however, should be impeached and removed meantime, his removal will be to him an imperishable crown of glory; for it will make him by the spontaneous concentration around him of all the conservative elements of the country, our next President, even against General Grant as the Radical candidate. We saw in 1852 how small was the influence of General Scott's military achievements against the popular ideas of that day on the slavery question; but the issues of universal negro suffrage, negro political and social equality, Southern negro supremacy and a Southern negro political balance of power will, in 1868, have a much greater influence on the public mind than the idea of peace on the slavery question in 1852.

The Radicals of Congress have some apprehensions of this sort. They are fighting a desperate battle for the perpetuation of their power. Their purpose is, with the negro vote, to add the electoral votes of the ten outside Southern States to the vote of the North for their Presidential ticket; for they think that ten Southern States will more than neutralize all their Northern losses. They must be defeated in this game, or this election of 1868 may be the last under the Constitution of the United States. With Grant fairly in their toils, the Radical Directory at Washington will henceforth be bolder than ever in pushing forward their designs. Upon whom can the opposition Union and constitutional elements of the country successfully combine to defeat the Radical ticket? Can they have a better rallying cry than Johnson and the Constitution?

The *Times* is very desirous that "things may now be permitted to settle into something like decency." It seeks peace without the conditions of peace. It speaks of

MATTERS IN WASHINGTON

as follows:

The storm of the first three days of the week has given place to a more pacific atmosphere. Congress has again, for the hundredth time within the last two years, demonstrated its supremacy over all possible obstacles; and as one after another gave way before it, it found at last that the struggle could not be continued for want of an adversary capable of standing erect. Johnson it takes especial pleasure in prostrating at every opportunity; but as, after overthrowing him everywhere else, it has just floored him in his own Cabinet, it must now be perfectly satisfied with the result of its efforts in that direction. We should think it must have convinced even itself by this time of the unlimited scope of its powers—not, it is true, under the Constitution; but, what may seem even finer, "outside" of that once all-controlling parchment. Assuredly, everybody else has learned the fact. Its force there is none to dispute.

This, therefore, having been settled and established, at least for the present session and the existing administration, we think Congress might abate any further demonstrations in its behalf. All these measures now before them intended to furnish further proof of it can be laid aside without loss. And even if the adversary should now and then make a sort of show of vitality by inconsequential movements, it would be the part of magnanimity to refrain from making a tremendous uproar about it. The country will think none the less of them for this self-abnegation, and their chances of retaining the power which they are so fond of displaying, will be very considerably augmented. If it were worth while, we should remind them of the observation of Shakspeare to the effect that it is an excellent thing to "have a giant's strength, but tyrannous to use it like a giant;" and also of the observation immediately following the above, about the folly of those possessed of a little brief authority when they play fantastic tricks that make the dramatic angels weep. If Shakspeare had not the American Congress in his prophetic eye when he delivered himself of these figures, they are none the less applicable to the present times on that account. They embody ideas which are not unworthy the contemplation even of members of Congress.

The President gives no sign of attempting anything further in reference to the Stanton imbroglio, and if he permits it to remain where it now is, it will soon pass out of sight. The President is not required to invite Mr. Stanton to any of his Cabinet meetings, and Stanton is not required by his position to attend them. He can perform all the official duties of his place without even entering the President's house, and the President has now so little power over that or any other department that his relations with it are merely nominal. But we should suppose that, as Mr. Stanton now feels himself so completely vindicated, his better judgment would impel him to resign. Leaving out of sight the ordinary ideas of amicable courtesy which should prevail in such quarters, he cannot expect to serve the country to the best advantage as he is now situated. And he cannot imagine that he is the only man capable of vindicating public justice in the War Department, or that he can administer its affairs better than others whom the President could nominate and the Senate confirm. The public interests or the Freedman's Bureau have certainly not suffered while his office was under Grant's control, and Grant is not the only civil or military functionary able to give general satisfaction to all parties.

It is an absolute necessity of the country that things should now be permitted to settle into something like decency, and that Congress should give some attention to the practical interests of the people. So far as Congress is concerned, the quarrel with the President has now reached its logical conclusion. Having got to this point, it is high time that other things were attended to.

The *Evening Post* is disposed now, as for some time past, to cry "Halt," to the Radicals. Under the head of

"FLINGING AWAY THE CHANCES."

it says:

We are not certain but that the political managers at Washington are so wise in their conceit as to be incapable of taking advice, yet it is our duty none the less to warn them, in the interests of the people, and of the great party which has heretofore represented the will of the people, that they are in a fair way of sacrificing both to extreme and impolitic counsels. If they have not adopted the philosophy of the frogs in the old Irish song, which

"Committed suicide, to save themselves from slaughter,"

they are, nevertheless, adepts at putting it in practice. Their late legislation is losing them the support of the country, not only because it is regarded as wrong or injudicious legislation, but because it is regarded as mere partisan legislation. The people will tolerate a great stretch of authority when they know that necessity compels it, or when they feel that it has been resorted to in furtherance of a useful and disinterested purpose. But they have no such persuasion in regard to the violent course recently pursued. It seems to have been dictated wholly by a partisan spirit, and in that aspect it arouses the jealousies and alarms of those even who are most devoted to the success of Republican principles.

Nothing is more sacred in popular estimation than the character of the Supreme Court. It is the tribunal of final appeal, which determines the validity and application of laws, and more than any other body in the land needs to be kept free from political complications and party biases. Its judges were made to hold their offices for life, with the allowance of a liberal salary, in order to render them independent of the motives of ambition or gain which ordinarily influence men. Set apart to administer the highest of trusts, it was the design of the Constitution to raise them above the region of politics into the clearer atmosphere of justice and reason. "Justice, as Burke says, "is the supreme policy of nations," and they whose duty it is to determine justice exercise the supremest function. Accordingly in all civilized ages the judge has worn the ermine, which is the emblem of that spotless integrity that combines purity of motive with clearness and impartiality of judgment.

It is this instinctive perception of the true character of the judiciary that has always made political judges so odious to the mind of the people. Next in offensiveness to those who take personal bribes are those who allow political prejudices to warp their decisions. Jeffreys and Scroggs are no more infamous for their violence and brutality than they are for their servility to the royal power which made them; and in our country, up to a recent period, the judge who should have carried his politics to the bench would have been placed on a level of degradation with those disgraceful beacons of English jurisprudence. Nor can we even yet, with all the degeneracy of public morals, look without some feeling of aversion and dread at the example of judicial officers who allow their names to be used as candidates for political preferment.

When the Congress, therefore, endeavors to subject the Supreme Court to its control, by regulating the rule of its decision, and for no other end apparently than the secret purpose of meeting a particular party issue, we are startled by the strangeness of the event. It seems little short of a sacrilegious audacity. But when the change they seek to introduce is one of the gravest nature, affecting essentially the character of future decisions, and likely to lead to gross injustice in many conceivable cases, we are bound to cry out, in our loudest voice. Halt. In the times of the elder Adams a change was made with a greater color of law, but with a similar party object, by putting an additional number of judges—"midnight judges" they were called—upon the bench; but the indignant Republicanism of that day speedily swept away the innovation; with greater color of law, we say, because Congress has the undoubted right to multiply judges when the pressure of business requires it.

a rule of judicial decision—least of all for party ends.

To insist upon a two-third vote, when the judgment is unfavorable to a Congressional act, while a majority is authorized to approve a Congressional act, is to resolve in so many words, that a party who profits by that act may come before the court on better grounds than the party who questions it, or tries to set it aside as unconstitutional. Suitors are no longer equals in the presence of justice; the majority of judges is no longer the court, but a superior number; and the same right which enables Congress to dictate a decision by two thirds, would enable it to dictate unanimity—which, in practice, would amount to a complete nullification of the constitutional ability of the tribunal.

TWO NEGROES MURDERED.

From the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

We have learned the particulars of a cold-blooded murder in Houston county. It seems that an old negro man, named Mose, had reason to suppose that a raid would be made upon a cow and calf he had out grazing in a field. Getting the assistance of a young colored man, the pair proceeded to the field to watch. They were found dead the next morning—the old man shot through the stomach, and the younger through the breast—both apparently by the same pistol. An inquest held upon the bodies failed to elicit anything definite in regard to the killing. It is supposed, from the fact that a portion of the fence was down in the field, that the murdered men came suddenly upon the thief, and in endeavoring to prevent the robbery, were killed. The cow and calf were missing, and this, taken in connection with two tracks being discovered—one supposed to be that of a white man—it is thought two were connected in the theft and murder.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1868.

The National Anti-Slavery Standard FOR 1868.

Chattelism has been abolished, but equal freedom for the colored race has not yet been secured. The old controversy has not been definitely ended. It has again passed from the bloody arena of the battle-field to the sphere of politics and diplomacy. The last elections present a fearful record of unrelenting prejudice against the colored race. They have revived the forlorn hopes and renewed the desperate energies of the discomfited rebels at the South. We had fondly hoped that we were well nigh at the end of the struggle for equal freedom, irrespective of color, but through treachery, and the want of enlightened, conscientious statesmanship we are involved in a conflict of still momentous importance. Many politicians who, during the war, were willing to accept the services and to advocate the enfranchisement of colored men, now as the temptations of the presidential year approach, disgracefully surrender and abandon their cause. So too the popular churches and clergy are relaxing their interest for, and diminishing their co-operation with the freedmen, and excusing themselves on the score of disinclination for "political preaching," they ally themselves as formerly with "Conservatism" and the dominant spirit of prejudice against race.

Under these circumstances it is of the greatest importance to have a thoroughly Radical, independent journal, which, like THE STANDARD, may speak freely and fearlessly for justice and impartial freedom, with nothing to gain or lose by party triumphs or losses. During the past year our circulation has steadily increased with each month. Frequent calls for the paper come to us of late from the South. THE STANDARD now goes regularly each week to Charleston, Mobile, New Orleans, Memphis, Nashville, Richmond and at other points in the South. We have arrangements in progress for its general introduction to the notice of the leading colored men and white Radicals throughout the South the present year. The importance of an intelligent alliance between uncompromising Radicals at the North and their coadjutors at the South can scarcely be over-estimated in the present condition of national affairs.

WENDELL PHILLIPS will continue as the past year an editorial writer for the columns of THE STANDARD. It will also be the medium through which his lectures and addresses, as revised by himself, will be given to the public. Other able writers will contribute regularly to its columns. We shall continue to present a department of choice literary miscellany, and while chiefly devoted to the consideration of the freedom and well-being of the colored race, our columns will, as hitherto, hospitably entertain the claims of movements of a kindred end and aim, as the rights of women, temperance, education, etc.

The period through which we are now passing is one of the most critical thus far in our national experience. Though the late reverses in the elections may dishearten those whose dependence is upon the Republican party, it should be borne in mind that it has been, and still is, the high prerogative of Abolitionists to create the opinion which makes and unmakes parties in the service of freedom.

We appeal earnestly and confidently therefore to all friends to unite heartily with us in an effort to extend the circulation of THE STANDARD as the emergency of the cause it represents demands.

PREMIUMS.

We offer our friends what we are sure will be esteemed very liberal and welcome compensation for their efforts to add to our subscription list, namely: to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6) we will send either of the following very desirable books:

Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters." 562 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.

Lydia Maria Child's "Romance of the Republic." 443 pages—price $2.50.

Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court." 498 pages—price $2.50.

IMPROVE THE PRESENT.

THE present Congress has ample power to meet the demands of a just Reconstruction, and to guarantee the political equality of the colored race throughout the nation. The exercise of this power is what the loyal masses require of it. The action of the Senate in reinstating Secretary Stanton, the proposed legislation in relation to the Supreme Court, and in aid of reconstruction, with renewed hints of impeachment, have served to reassure many who had lost faith that the present Congress would attempt more than to tide over, as best it could, to its successor. The Fortieth Congress will not be excused in history for its cruel and unnecessary delays and omissions, which have already allowed so much needless suffering to be visited upon the South and the whole country. But its responsibility for this condition of affairs yet continues, and the opportunity to redeem its own honor, and to save the country from the perils which threaten it. This is an exceptional period in which it is called upon to legislate. It demands a large measure of wisdom, courage, and foresight, greater even than at the commencement of our governmental experiment.

It should not be forgotten, least of all by Abolitionists, that the negro has as yet no valid guarantee from the National government of his future equal citizenship. He votes to-day under military rule, but as an experimental privilege, not as a guaranteed right as an American citizen. It is assumed that once in the possession of the ballot he can never be deprived of it. We have no right to trust such an assumption. So too it was once assumed that slavery would of itself disappear, and need not therefore be stringently provided against or exorcised. It should not for a moment be forgotten that it is a fundamental objection to the Congressional reconstruction experiment, that it leaves the future political status of the negro an unsettled problem.

We hope that without more delay a bill may be introduced, and by the requisite two-third vote become a law which shall abolish in every State of the Union all unjust distinction on account of color, at least so far as elective Federal offices are concerned. Of the right of Congress to do this there is no shadow of doubt. It is urgently demanded, both from considerations of justice and expediency. There is no good reason why, with the black men of the South enfranchised, the thousands of colored men of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio should continue to be disfranchised. These Northern colored men, in the most critical hour of the war, proved themselves the nation's truest friends. Next year their ballots are likely to be as essential to the national welfare as were their bullets in the military contest. For President and members of Congress, at any rate, the present Congress is fully competent to at once put the ballot in their hands. As an act of justice to colored men, as an aid to reconstruction, and as an expedient measure of needed help in securing a triumph of right principles in the pending momentous political campaign, we urge the immediate introduction and passage of a national suffrage law. This should be supplemented and fortified by an amendment to the Federal Constitution, such as Mr. Senator Wilson assured us months ago would be adopted by the present Congress, but of which we have heard nothing of late. But for the purposes we have indicated it is neither necessary nor desirable to await the slow process of a Constitutional amendment.

Let nothing which can properly be done now go over to the uncertain contingency of a new Administration and a new Congress. The bird is now, or easily may be, "in hand." Let it be secured beyond peradventure. It fortunately happens that the necessities of the political situation point unmistakably in the direction of the legislation we have indicated as indispensable. Let the suffrage question be met by Congress now as we suggest, and subsequently recognized by the Chicago Convention in May next, and the danger of the third party movement will be obviated. The courageous and Radical policy, as against the Conservative Rebel Democratic alliance, is the only one which can hope to succeed. With a national suffrage law, there should also be a national provision for education. Let the intervening weeks between this and May be consecrated to RADICAL WORK and there need be no anxiety about a RADICAL SUCCESSION IN 1869.

AT our latest advices from Washington, the Reconstruction bill, which passed the House on the 21st inst., was the absorbing topic of discussion. The vote, as taken on its final passage, stood 123 to 45; the Yeas being all Republicans, and the Nays, excepting Cary of Ohio, all Democrats. Fernando Wood moved to amend the title of the bill, but no vote was taken on his proposition, it being considered that from the time it was before the body, ample opportunity had been afforded for a full consideration thereof. In view of its importance and the fact that in the language of the Conservative press a military despotism is to be established over ten States of the South thereby, we present in another column the bill as adopted, so our readers may judge for themselves of its actual bearing.

PERSONAL.

Rev. E. C. Towne has resigned the pastoral charge of the society in Medford, Mass.

Mrs. Ella Davis Rockwood, of Boston, gave her lecture, "A Yankee Girl's Thoughts," on the 8th inst., before the Lincoln Literary Society at Rondout, N. Y.

John G. Whittier has been seriously ill for several weeks at his residence in Amesbury. There are now indications of improvement, but he is still unable to see visitors, or give attention to the numerous letters addressed to him.

Henry Ward Beecher is diligently at work upon a new life of Christ, whose divinity he proposes to reassert in language congenial to the wants of modern thought, "at a time when a chill mist of doubt is rising over all the sacred records."

A. G. Thurman was elected United States Senator on Tuesday, the 14th inst., by the Legislature of Ohio. He takes the place of B. F. Wade, whose term of office expires next March. Thurman is a copperhead, but of a milder type than Vallandigham, who was his principal opponent in the caucus.

Mr. Phillips gave his lecture, the "Lost Arts," to a large audience in National Hall, Harlem, on Thursday evening, the 17th inst. The Rev. E. H. Chapin is announced to give the next lecture of the Harlem course, to be followed by Anna E. Dickinson and John B. Gough.

Dr. Boynton, whose lectures on Geology a few years ago the Brooklyn public patronized so handsomely, has, we are glad to learn, been engaged to deliver another similar course at the Brooklyn Athenæum. The course will begin Monday evening, January 27, and continue through the week.

Mrs. Frances D. Gage, whose interesting letter from the "arm chair," we print in another column, is, as her letter indicates, steadily improving in health, with a fair prospect of early complete recovery. She is under the excellent care of Dr. C. C. and Mrs. P. A. F. Dusenberry, Magnetic and Water Cure physicians of this city.

Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble read "The Merchant of Venice," in Boston, on Wednesday evening, before a large audience. We are glad to notice that Mrs. Kemble is announced to read in this city a few weeks hence. She will read here under the auspices of Mr. F. B. Pugh, of Philadelphia, to whom we are also indebted for a most interesting and successful dramatic season with Mrs. Lander.

Zion's Standard, of this city, says: "Fred. Douglass was invited to lecture in Meriden, one of the most Republican towns in Connecticut, and was obliged to stop at the leading hotel in that place over Sunday. The landlord, however, informed him that his boarders would not allow a negro to sit at the public table, and so he was served with meals in his room. Mr. Douglass was indignant, but compliable. That town evidently ought to be brought under the operation of the Civil Rights act."

An exchange paper says: "A young girl of seventeen has been discovered in Johnson county, Indiana, who, while in a trance recently, visited Heaven and Hell, saw and conversed with the Saviour and recognized many deceased acquaintances in both places. She returned to consciousness after a narrow escape from burial and told her story, confirming it by exposing the sins of many of her living friends, and telling other matters not known to the public."

A friend, writing from Philadelphia, says: "Yesterday morning we listened to Mr. Furness, from his own pulpit. It was an anniversary sermon. Forty-three years has he been pastor of the same congregation. Beautifully he spoke of the kindness with which he was received when entering upon his first duties as a minister, then only twenty-two years old. Sweetly affecting was his allusions to the burial of their first-born, an infant daughter, and again their son grown into manhood. The whole sermon was beautiful, chaste, and pure, just such words as a good man might utter."

A correspondent, writing from Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., says:

"Mr. Tilton lectured here last Friday evening on 'The American Woman.' The lecture contained the whole doctrine of suffrage for women, and was able, earnest, and eloquent. It excited a great deal of interest among the students. It gave me a new sense of the value of the Lyceum. Dr. Holland is coming next month, and I suppose will give his view of the same subject. Then we shall see how deeply rooted Mr. Tilton's lesson is."

Garibaldi's hopefulness under difficulties is well illustrated by the following incident:

Some of the survivors of the battle of Mentana having met at a fraternal banquet in Mantua on the 16th ult., the following telegram was sent to Gen. Garibaldi:

"Some of the survivors of Mentana send their General and affectionate greeting. Urge on the completion of our unity. Call upon us; we are ready."

The General sent the following reply:

"CAPRERA, Dec. 22, 1867.—*My Dear Fingi:* I have received from a lady the following motto: 'Victory is achieved by perseverance.' I hope Italy will remember this motto next Spring. My affectionate compliments to the companions in arms of yours,

G. GARIBALDI."

Miss Edmonia Lewis excites much interest abroad, not only from her cleverness in sculpture but from her parentage. She is scarcely twenty-two, was born in Greenbush, opposite Albany, of Indian and Negro parentage, and bears in her face the types of her origin. In her coarse and appropriate attire, with her black hair loose, and grasping in her hand the chisel with which she does not disdain, perhaps with which she is obliged to labor, and with her large, black, sympathetic eyes brimful of unaffected enthusiasm, Miss Lewis is unquestionably the most interesting representative of our country in Europe. Interesting not alone because she belongs to a condemned and hitherto oppressed race, which labors under the imputation of artistic inability, but because she has already distinguished herself in sculpture—not perhaps in the highest grade, according to the accepted canons of the art, but in its naturalistic, not to say the most pleasing forms, and her future is full of promise.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels is lecturing and otherwise laboring to promote a plan for rendering much needed assistance to the freedmen, especially in Louisiana, in obtaining actual possession of land and homesteads under the provisions of the Homestead act of Congress, and by purchase, at nominal prices, of planters. Millions of acres of available land, she writes us, are offered at very low rates; but, impoverished and inexperienced, the freedmen and the loyal poor whites also, need some help and encouragement at the outset. An organization for this purpose, with which Mrs. Daniels co-operates, has been formed. With the details of the plan we are not familiar. Of the need of such friendly aid there can be no doubt. Col. Daniels, well known to our readers as our New Orleans correspondent "Vintor," suddenly cut down by yellow fever a few months since, was actively engaged in this mission at the time of his inopportune death. Both Col. and Mrs. Daniels have rendered very valuable aid through their labors with and for the freedmen. Mrs. Daniels may be addressed for the present: Washington, D. C., P. O. Box 810, care of Julius H. Mott, Esq. We give elsewhere a synopsis of a lecture recently given by Mrs. Daniels, in Rochester, N. Y.

Thaddeus Stevens writes, in answer to a correspondent who asks his views upon the suffrage question, as follows:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 6, 1868.

DEAR SIR: So far as I took any position with regard to negro suffrage, it was and is that *universal suffrage is an inalienable right*, and that since the amendment to the Constitution, to deprive the negroes of it would be a violation of the Constitution as well as of a natural right. True, I deemed the hastening of the bestowal of that franchise as very essential to the welfare of the nation, because without it I believe that the government will pass into the hands of rebels and their friends, and that such an event would be disastrous to the whole country.

With universal suffrage, I believe the true men of the nation can maintain their position. Without it, whether that suffrage be impartial, or *in any way qualified*, I look upon this Republic as likely to relapse into an oligarchy, which will be ruled by coarse copperheadism and proud conservatism.

I have never insisted that the franchise should be unjustly regulated so as to secure a Republican ascendency; but I have insisted, and do insist, that there can be no unjust regulation of that franchise which will give to any other party the power if the Republicans are true to themselves, and do not fall into their usual vice of cowardice.

The Republicans, once beaten into a minority by the force of negro prejudice, will never again obtain the majority, and the nation will become a despotism.

Yours, very respectfully,

THADDEUS STEVENS.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, January 20th, 1868.

I TOLD you last week that a petition of colored people was in circulation here, asking that Judge Thomas might not be appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, because they considered his past record to have shown him "incapable of administering impartial justice to their race." Strong objections to Judge Thomas were also made from other quarters, including the organs of two large and powerful religious sects, and, the Council delaying, session after session, to confirm the appointment, Gov. Bullock laid before them a lengthy apology, or plea in extenuation of the nomination he had made. Perhaps the weakness of this plea helped the Council to a conclusion, for immediately after its reading the nomination was refused, though only by a bare majority. This action is understood to be final, and we wait to to see who next will be nominated. It is to be hoped that some one will be found for this high office to whom questions of moral right as well as constitutional obligation can safely be intrusted.

The importance of scrupulously careful adjustment of matters like these in the loyal States, at the present crisis, is shown by recent events pertaining to reconstruction in the rebel States. For instance: it seems but a small thing in itself that the *Daily News and Herald*, of Savannah, Georgia—a paper giving its whole strength to the support of President Johnson's policy, and seeking a reconstruction as nearly akin to the old order of things as possible—should quote approvingly from the late message of Gov. Bullock, whom it mentions as "the Republican Governor of Massachusetts;" but another document in the same paper (Janury 9th) makes even this trifle significant. This is "An Address to the People of Georgia and the United States," presented by Herschell V. Johnson and others, a Committee appointed by a Convention held last month at Macon, "representing the Conservative people of Georgia." This Address represents the enfranchisement of the negroes as leading, "and intended to lead, to negro supremacy" in that State; and further speaks of it as "an attempt, by military force, to elevate the emancipated slave above his recent master, to subordinate the superior to the inferior race, and clothe the latter with the political power of the State."

After proceeding, with extravagant rhetoric, glaring violation of truth, and fervid appeal to the cherished traditions of a race of slaveholders, to persuade the white people of Georgia that they ought to combine and organize themselves in opposition to the reconstruction proposed by Congress, the Committee address their "Fellow-Citizens of the North," in an appeal for help to prevent the continuance of negro suffrage. They refer to the Northern elections in which this question has recently come up, hail as like-minded the States that have refused the black man a vote, represent that the franchise in the hands of negroes would utterly destroy all that they regard as prosperity in the South, and end by declaring—"Your recent elections encourage our hopes and challenge our gratitude." How would these men triumph if the Supreme Court of Massachusetts should have at its head an arbiter disposed to decide questions against black men *because* they are black? But some signs of the times look as if such a triumph might be possible. Some Northern States, some New England States, yet hate the negro, and take their stand in opposition to his rights; and our Republican Governor and nearly half of his Council really wished to make a man like Judge Thomas Chief in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts!

One of the good things done by Josiah Quincy, when President of Harvard University, was to introduce a rule abolishing the immunity that custom had previously given to acts of violence and outrage when committed by students, and arranging that college offenders of this class should be dealt with by the officers and the courts of law, precisely like other malefactors. This reform was greatly needed; for at Harvard, as at all our American colleges, not only had a persecution of Freshmen by Sophomores systematically prevailed, including serious offences against person and property, but the student privilege thus attained was also occasionally exercised against the person or property of some of the townspeople; and custom and tradition demanded that these things should be allowed to pass as "college jokes," punishable, when the perpetrators were detected, only by college censure. Detection, in these cases, was made peculiarly difficult by the operation of the college "law of honor," which allowed and required students to refuse to testify against each other, even when outrageous assaults or other serious violations of law were in question.

Class privileges are generally tenacious enough of their right to continue, and University customs have immense power of vitality, even where reason and justice are utterly opposed to them. The difficulty is that these matters, like church creeds and customs, have been allowed, by the common consent and criminal negligence of the community, to stand outside the domain of reason and justice, to be taken for granted, to be presumed, *because established*, to have a right not only to exist, but to exist uncriticised and unquestioned. While a custom is allowed to stand, receiving the acquiescence of the community, and recognised as an established thing by generation after generation, it is all the while gathering strength, spreading its roots beneath the soil, gaining by possession a title able to maintain itself against even statute law. Thus, though President Quincy's movement was made in behalf of both law and justice, it was excessively unpopular; and only after the lapse of years could people free themselves from the prejudices of education enough to recognize this as one of his claims to the gratitude and honor of the community.

The successors of President Quincy, and the heads of colleges generally in this country, have not had the wisdom to follow up the example which he gave them, and the practice of "hazing" has held its ground in most of our colleges. But two recent attempts of this sort, one at Cambridge and the other at Amherst, have resulted in such signal discomfiture of the assailants, with such serious and lasting effects upon some of them, as may result in the overthrow of the system, or at least in a public feeling so strongly against it as to have its effect upon the more turbulent and reckless of college youth. The Amherst student who was assailed could escape from personal indignity and injury only by dealing such wounds, with the implement which lay next at hand, as to leave the life of one of his assailants yet doubtful, and to put dishonorable scars for life upon three or four others. But the surest preventive of disorders here spoken of would be to have the heads of colleges agree to leave or place delinerable violators of statute law among their pupils in the hands of the officers of law, for disposal in their ordinary manner.

The second of the Boston course of Radical lectures on Religion was given last evening in Fraternity Hall, by Rev. John Weiss, to the great interest and satisfaction of a crowded audience. His discourse was entitled "The True Method in Theology." He very ably set forth the doctrine that God's laws need no amendment, even from Himself; that the welfare of man is not only sufficiently provided for, but *best* provided for, by laws of uniform operation; and that breaks or spasms of supernatural interference are not, and have never been, needed for human beings, any more than for stars and planets.

The *Transcript* says of Gail Hamilton's new book, "Woman's Wrongs: a Counter-irritant"—that "she writes in a rage, but that fact only makes her book more readable." It is an answer to Rev. Dr. Todd's version of the stuff ordinarily taught by orthodox ministers on the need of confining woman to what they represent as "her peculiar sphere." This is said to be Gail Hamilton's ablest work.

NORTH.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 21, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

THE Reconstruction bill, as reported by Mr. Bingham, has just passed the House of Representatives by a vote of 123 to 45. Gen. Butler's amendment, placing the appointing power in the hands of the constitutional conventions, was defeated. Only the genuinely Radical standard-bearers voted for it. The vote was about the same as that on impeachment. The real reason for not allowing the loyal men to fill these provisional offices, is the fear that some capital may be made by the opposition, through the appointment of some colored men. Pandering to a prejudice, which, if they dared to meet it boldly, would vanish almost as readily as its noxious vapors now arise when the pool is stirred, Republicans forget again that when danger threatens, the boldest measures are best. The power is now to be placed, at *his* discretion, in the hands of Gen. Grant. A poor place that, if we are to judge by the past. The reconstruction policy has travelled on one leg so far. The new bill gives it a shaky crutch to help it along with, but with Butler's amendment it would be a whole and sound one. Still, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, the bill now gone before the Senate is a decided improvement.

The debate in the House has been quite creditable. The Democrats have displayed more than their average ability, while, as a rule, the Republican speeches have been superior. There is no difference of opinion as to the principles at stake, but with regard to the details.

There is considerable agitation in the Senate wing. Some of the elderly gentlemen there have taken a cold bath since their late courageous action on Edwin M. Stanton's case. They begin to fear that some one has been hurt, and some are evidently sorry for doing anything of the kind. It is quite uncertain to forecast the fate of either of the important bills just passed by the House. That relating to the Supreme Court has already been consigned to an untimely death. That is, at least, the usual fate of such bills when consigned to the Senate Judiciary Committee, unless, indeed, it had been originated by some one of its sapient members, able gentlemen all, from Trumbull down to Conkling; but they have a decided antipathy to anybody but themselves having opinions even, on questions that affect the courts and their jurisdiction.

Nothing new has transpired with regard to the War Department, except the superfluous and impertinent suggestion, as is generally understood, on the part of Gens. Grant and Sherman, that Mr. Stanton should so oblige the President as to resign his position. No such step is likely to be taken. The Senate has restored Stanton for the purpose of enabling him to hold a strong point within the enemy's lines. The Republicans all demand that he shall stay where they put him. He apparently intends doing this, and would be faithless if he did not. There is little doubt at all of the fact that Sherman urges this upon Stanton's friends, and flatters the President with the idea that it's going to succeed. Grant allows himself to appear on the same side.

The Supreme Court is the last hope of the reactionaries. It is declared by men usually well-informed that the Court has already taken informal action in favor of hearing McArdle's case out of its place on the calendar. It is also intimated that on a case involving the status of Virginia that the Court is equally divided. The case relates to two counties, in one of which Harper's Ferry is situated. They were transferred by act of Congress to West Virginia. In some way, the old State disputes the cession. Its discussion necessarily involves the question—whether Virginia has or not a competent and legal State government. The Court divides, it is reported, as follows: sustaining the cession, the Chief Justice, Justices Swayne, Davis, and Miller. In opposition, are Justices Nelson, Clifford, Grier and Fields. There is a report in circulation that to the latter is due the President's possession of knowledge as to how the Court stood on Reconstruction. He is said to be quite influential in the way of securing appointments for the Pacific coast.

There is no telling just now what a day may bring forth. Congress, on the whole, has wonderfully improved. Let us be thankful for that.

ASMODEUS.

THERE are eight newspapers in the United States owned and edited by negroes. Seven are weekly, possessing an aggregate circulation of 30,000. The New Orleans *Tribune* is issued daily, and is said to have a circulation of 18,000. Pretty well for a race so recently in slavery, and regarded as incapable of elevation or self-government.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 20, 1868.

OUR Legislature is now in session, but what good or what evil it will accomplish, is yet among the things unrevealed. The Democrats have already taken the initial steps towards attempting to undo some of the good legislation effected last Winter. Scarcely had they brushed the dust from their seats before some one among them made immodest haste to repeal the law that enforces the right of colored people to ride in our railway cars. It is not at all probable that success will attend these hateful and heartless endeavors. A Democrat could not be a Democrat without manifesting, in one way or another, his unrelenting prejudice towards these people, and seldom is an opportunity permitted to pass without an effort to inflict some form of injustice upon the innocent victims of the rooted antipathy. The good sense of the people seems to have prevailed in leading them to recognize the justice and propriety of the present order of things, and there seems to be no disposition whatever to restore the old cruelty and injustice. Custom has given assurance of the folly of the opposition to the right of negroes to ride in the cars. Practice has unmasked its bugbear character. Few beyond the precincts of the *Age* office will give countenance to the purpose with which these Democrats have inaugurated their action at the meeting of the Legislature.

Another part of the programme of these same retrogressive law-makers, is their intention to blot out the law of last Winter concerning liquor shops. Whatever interferes with free rum is at enmity with the fertility of the Democratic party. Whatever encroaches upon the whiskey traffic is detrimental to the complete welfare of that same organization. Were Andrew Johnson a member of our Legislature, with what a hearty zeal he would espouse the attack upon this beneficent law! But doubtless there is force sufficient there to achieve the desired object. Many, many Republicans condemn and repudiate temperance legislation, and they would not imperil the vigor and strength of their party, by enacting laws that tend to alienate voters, although the highest good and holiest welfare of the community might be involved. How strange it seems that legislative efforts to crush the evil sway of intemperance and diminish its fatal results, should be so difficult and so unavailing! Such a palpable source of demoralization and iniquity, one would suppose, never could flourish in a Christian and enlightened community. In the existing state of affairs hope at times almost fails to impart its buoyancy, and abandons itself to despair. Why do not the churches recognize a duty here? Long shall we remember their organized, zealous, and powerful endeavors to prevent the passage of a law granting the right to our street cars to run on Sundays. Clergy and laymen worked with fearful vigor day and night, Sundays and all days, to achieve the end at which they aimed, and it would be unjust to say they did not succeed. Now offers another opportunity for the exercise of their latent forces of industry, and the chance to accomplish a good work is far more obvious than before. Let them shower down upon the Legislature a snow-storm of petitions, protesting against the repeal of the Sunday liquor law—that will exert a moral influence which no conniving can withstand. But they will not do it.

A temperance convention is to be held at Harrisburg on the 18th of February. The presence of such an assembly there may be influential in restraining those members of the Legislature who are disposed to annul the law above referred to, and open their minds to its beneficence and necessity. In the call for this convention it is announced that more temperance addresses have been delivered, more organizations formed, and more names to the pledge obtained during the past year, than in any one year of the past ten. The numerous temperance organizations of our State seem to be very active and zealous. None can doubt their usefulness and efficiency.

A few days ago a Philadelphia member of the lower branch of our Legislature introduced a resolution endorsing the action of the United States Senate in reinstating Mr. Stanton, "whose successful administration of the department," in the language of the resolution, "during the gloomy period of the war and national peril, has endeared his name to every lover of liberty in the land." A Democratic member, who doubtless imagined that he was remarkably nimble-witted, moved to refer the resolution to the Committee on Vice and Immorality. This seems to be a favorite kind of tactics with some of these men, and occasionally they have a very disgraceful record. A year or two ago the society of Spiritualists of this city applied to the Legislature for an act of incorporation. Without much ceremony the application was referred to the above named committee, where it still slumbers. Undoubtedly the members thought they had made a very smart and highly appropriate disposition of the matter.

In regard to the Stanton resolution, the Vice-and-Immorality Democrat was not gratified in his desire. Another of the fraternity was very anxious to have it laid on the table. Another of similar brand was quite eager to have it amended so as to "condemn," rather than endorse the Secretary, calling him "an unscrupulous enemy of Constitutional liberty, and a man unworthy of the confidence of the American people." He is the same Democrat that introduced the bill to repeal the Sunday liquor law. He is adverse to having "police officers entorce order in licensed houses," and not at all willing to "exterminate the unlicensed traffic." What good can come out of such a man? The Vice-and-Immorality member "had a profound contempt for Mr. Stanton," declaring that he was devoid of principle, and that he "advised the Southern States to rebel, and dastardly deserted the men whom he had induced to fight." The resolution was passed, notwithstanding the fearful Democratic irruptions.

Dickens has given two readings here, and will continue his engagement this week. So much has been said about him that perhaps a short paragraph will be more acceptable than a long one.

Robert Dale Owen is to lecture here this week, on Wednesday evening, for the Pennsylvania Peace Society. His subject will be "the Law of Kindness Historically Illustrated."

W.

LETTER FROM MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

NEW YORK, January 18th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

IT is a long, long time since I have sent my greeting to THE STANDARD, not for want of interest in its aims or objects, but because I was so intensely interested in doing my little to work out the minutiæ of those aims and objects through weeks and months, as to give me no leisure to obtrude myself upon the reading public. For the last six months I have been scarcely "A looker-on in Vienna," and for the last three months, though I could sit in my arm chair, it has only been through the organs of sight and sound that the out-door world, with all its turmoil and ceaseless struggles, has reached my brain.

But the great, restless, racing, romping mass of humanity have little idea of the vast resources of an arm chair, and consequently fail to picture a tithe of my enjoyment. Do I not read up Congress to my heart's content, without any outside influences to pervert or bias my judgment to the right or left? Do I not see just as clearly when Senators wriggle for "something," and when Representatives twist to accommodate their own interests? Is not the fact just as patent to me here, within my own room, that the *Tribune* is trimming its sails and setting all hands to the pumps with a desperate feeling of responsibility in view of the darkening horizon and the leaky condition of the Republican ship? And do I not see that, as Stephen Blackpool said long ago, "It's all a muddle;" and that trimming and pumping, showing signals of distress and firing minute guns, and throwing overboard heaps of useless luggage will not save the craft from destruction, unless the Captain can steer through the storm that is surely coming with an unflinching nerve, tireless devotion and sleepless watchfulness, keeping his eye fixed upon the one narrow channel leading into the harbor of justice and truth? No coward at the helm, who cannot sing out his order in a clear firm voice of command, will ever receive the ready response of the crew, "aye, aye, Sir!" And can I not see that it is better to go down, every man at his post and resolved to do his duty, and strand upon the rocks and breakers (if it must be) with a clear conscience and free hand, than surrender by one jot or tittle to the pirates that are chasing, ready to rob and murder and despoil the moment the white flag is hoisted?

And can I not see, too, as, from my arm chair throne, I read how the legions of the Devils of Slavery rend and agonize their victims, that the Abolitionist, much as has been performed, has yet a mighty work to accomplish? Why, my dear STANDARD, had you ever lived by the year, as I have, in sight of the slave-pens of the "happy, sunny South" in the days of its omnipotence and omnipresence, ruling as with a rod of iron the North as well, you would wonder, not that deeds of violence were so frequent, but that these whilom powerful imps of darkness were so paralyzed in their efforts to preserve their departed majesty. When the news of the brutal massacre of Fort Pillow reached me, I was on the Mississippi river and in company of a great and good man, as well as with hundreds of others not so good or great, and of course we were all terribly shocked at the intelligence.

"Friends," said our oracle, "be of good cheer. Slavery must needs demonstrate to the world its character, and in no other way can the unbelieving North be convinced of its diabolical spirit than by such atrocities."

A wise and thoughtful black man (one who had lived a slave for fifty years) remarked, speaking of the hard-won advantages of the present, "when a cruel act is committed in the South now, a hundred pens tell it and twice a thousand re-echo its enormity in the ears of a world, but in slave time it was not so. Then there were no witnesses to see; no tongues to tell; no press to speak; no telegraph to flash the accounts of the whippings, starvings, slave-huntings, tortures and murders that were happening on every great plantation throughout the South every week and month during the year. It is a lie that, as a whole, we were taken care of kindly. It is a lie that we were allowed to read. A huge, terrible lie, that masters made the rite of marriage sacred, or paid it aught of respect. A lie that we were worse off in freedom than in slavery. Every freeman they strike, every woman they maim or oppress, every murder, every outrage, every cruelty committed, will avenge itself upon the perpetrators in the awakened opinions of the North and the South as well; for the slaveholding right hand of the South never lets the ignorant left hand (the poor whites) know how fearful were its deeds, and how, by superior might and ability, it paralyzed this left side of its world."

Terrible as the day is, let us not be discouraged. As our beloved and gifted friend Lucretia, Mott, once said, "The great, good heart of the people ever beats aright, and we may trust it in the emergency that draws so near." But, in my garrulousness, I have wandered away from my arm chair, its pleasures and advantages.

Do I not read the *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, *Godey*, and the *Ledger*? My physician prescribes light diet and light reading, and where would I find lighter reading than the pages mentioned, I would like to know? True, "*Pittsburg*," with its large guns, would be heavy if at tempted; and "*Aspects of Culture*" is above my poor brain's mental capacity at present at least; while "Byways and Highways," and that ubiquitous pipe and meerschaum, as well as bottle of wine—I am sure no one, for their peculiar attractiveness, need go all the way to Europe in pursuit of them. But "Our *Second Girl*," that came home to me (for I am used to the kitchen, and fancy I could be as dignified even as Mrs. Johnson was in her gold-rimmed spectacles, could I but enter that dear old place again). Why can't we have—my dear STANDARD—why can't we have just a modicum, at least, of common sense on the subject of hired help? And how poorly Mrs. Stowe makes out when she tries to write like a man. The very first page shows out the woman from head to foot.

Why could she not have portrayed to us a good, sensible girl, going out to work at three dollars per week, board and lodging found, and not one bit ashamed of her place or her strong blue cotton dress, standing fairly and squarely upon her right and her duty; and then, if young Mr. Seymour wanted to love her, let him say so like an honest man, and not keep his love all to himself until he found her arrayed in silk and laces, and the prospect of being an heiress, before he found out the devotion of his heart? Woe to our girls, say I, if they be left to draw their conclusions from such stories!

But here comes a batch of STANDARDS. They have been considered too sensible reading for my weak brain for the five weeks past, but now they may come in with the beef-steaks. I close my long letter, and if its solid truths does not cause a relapse, you may again hear from the Arm Chair.

FRANCES D. GAGE.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MISS CAROLINE PUTNAM.

WE have heard Dickens, and how shall I tell the humor, the drollery, the pathos, the honest contempt (for it was Squeers's School) that reigned over that hour by the genius of this man's mind and performance. It is the most *unique* entertainment possible? First, the light tripping up the stairs and on the stage, his bowing, book in hand (a little square, flat, red and gold volume), with the most animated eyes, brows, every muscle looking "I'm going to do my *best* to *read* to you, just as I told you in Pickwick and David Copperfield I did to *write* for you—always on the side and in the interest of charity and genuineness." He began at once. "I have the pleasure to read to you Mr Squeers's School from Nicholas Nickleby," and goes right on, in the same natural tone, with a descriptive passage taking us down from London to Yorkshire—Squeers telling Nicholas, who begins to look about for "Do the boys" as they approach the end of the journey, "We don't say *Hall* down *here*—that is what we call it in London." Next comes the stirring of the molasses and sulphur, which is done while Squeers tells his cursed economy over, with one eye squinted up—"the popular prejudice being in favor of two." So, on he goes through all, giving the reading of the boys' letters from home by Squeers, "Mrs. S—— they must look upon as a —— angel"—Nicholas making the pen for Miss Squeers with a "*thott* nib," and the tea drinking she makes for John Browdie and the miller's daughter, and Nicholas, where John Browdie "the big Yorkshireman" flattens his own nose with his fist to tell how he threatens to do to Nicholas, because he is jealous (Mr. Dickens makes his own nose white twice in this action). Not a twinkle of humor that can be looked, but plays in his eyes, and ripples over his face, his hands too, busy at helping; his wit flashes out continually everywhere. How he read over the list of things studied at the school according to the advertisement! I believe here was where the audience gave its first hearty laugh, and then quickly followed the actual employments and the ignorance (B-o-tt-i-n-g-y—the knowledge of plants) and coarseness of the place.

One boy's letter from home commended him for being willing to sleep "five in a bed" (an interpolation of Squeers of course). No towel for Nicholas to use, and he takes a dry wash, rubbing his hands. Then came poor Smike picking up the bit of cinder when lighting the fire, and his talk with Nicholas—how strange he should feel if he had any friends—"Pain and fear, pain and fear" was all he had. O, what a haunting-heart-smitten tone, and look and acting here was of the poor forsaken youth. On we go till the excitements of Smike's running away, and the chastisement of Squeers by Nicholas, and Nicholas runs away and John Browdie overtakes him on the road to London and breaks out so into such an honest Yorkshire laugh at Nicholas's having actually "beathen the schoolmeasther," the best thing he's heard of in more'n twenty year! And how he shakes hands with one he did n't like much the last time he saw him. Then

grotesque in feature, like the pictures in Dickens's books, than common.

In ten minutes up he trips again with his book, that has a bright cherry ribbon mark this time, and his white gloves in his hand, that he didn't bring before, and looks so like somebody that is going to tell you a story, as he begins, "Once it happened to me as I was travelling into the north of England, to be snowed up at the Holly Tree Inn," and then he goes through the delightful little tale of Boots to him. The Boots he had known before, and asks where he has been all this time? Everywhere, answers Boots, where hav'n't I been? And what have you seen? Everything, and what haven't I seen? And, Boots, what is the most curious thing you have ever seen? The most curiousest? may be it was a unicorn, said Boots. But what should you say to a little gentleman of eight falling in love with an infant of seven, and they running away to Gretna Green, (in Scotland? I noticed Dickens added to his text by way of information to Yankees, I suppose), to be married? And the fortunes of this tiny couple is the story he gets from "Boots at the Holly Tree Inn." Very pleasant and diverting altogether. When it is all over, and you have seen the last you ever expect to on earth of this man who for twenty-five years has been making you laugh and cry as no other living man has done, you feel what a rare holiday gift a ticket to this wonderful treat has been!

You ought to hear him, though a disappointment in his mere reading is inevitable. He constantly brings his voice up at the end of a sentence like an auctioneer or a Methodist country minister. Nothing but the interest in what he is saying, and the spirit of it can reconcile you to it. But as you hear it more, it becomes a part of his identity, and no doubt is the result of his early school-days' stamp. You wonder what sort of a school he went to! How much his eyes have seen, and his ears have heard, and his soul felt! The deep lines in his face, that show a mental strain, seemed gone, a brilliant complexion; his eye-brows looked as if white powdered and he constantly elevated them in a way that made me think of ——— when speaking so earnestly. But his whole manner and presence is so simple and natural to him, not an affectation through it all, and no assumption of genius. People acted when he was finally gone, as if they didn't know whether it had been a capital thing or not; there was very little comment.

In the lighting up of his face and benevolent look, and his wish to do people good, he is a generous pattern of a man.

MRS. KEMBLE'S READING IN BOSTON.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MISS CAROLINE F. PUTNAM.

Last evening I enjoyed that elegant pleasure, a reading by Fanny Kemble. The audience was far more dressed than at Tremont Temple—the night of Mr. Dickens, when we heard him. The platform had a crimson-clothed table and morocco-seated chair, with a mat under her feet, and a little grove of green-potted plants behind—nobody on the platform. She came curtsying, O! so low, again and again, as the audience clapped and clapped—Mrs. M. thought humbler in manner than she felt. I told her she was probably the humblest feeling person there was there, before the genius of Shakespeare. She wore a black velvet dress, with a long train, and sat like a spirit rather than a body, so light and graceful, and with perfect mastery of every movement. Before she began, as she stood, she seemed to choke with the same emotion with which she always prefaced her readings, and to require some moments for recovery. Mrs. Kemble's hair is silvered some since we saw her, but done up without ornament, in the same simple way. She went through with the same warming up and rejuvenating that you notice so often in a public effort. But how delightful she was! And her head *is* a benevolent one—so broad and fine.

Do you remember Launcelot Gobbo's passage with the fiend and his conscience? She read that inimitably. The final saying *budge!* at her elbow, which she nudged every time he tempts; then when Portia is coming home and sees how far a little candle throws its beams, she puts her hand up to shade her eyes, holding it before her a little way, so prettily, while she says, "So shines a good deed in a naughty world." "The quality of mercy" passage was where she touched the height, when she says, after the rest, "It is the attribute of God," she is so reverential and spreads her hands upwards. I never enjoyed her reading so much. I read the play to Mrs. M. last Sunday evening, and it was all fresh; and it is a wonderful genius that can render so many characters at once with voice and action. We sat above; it was well lighted, and was wholly delightful. What a gift her voice is, and what culture of it! She riveted all attention as she moved from person to person and scene to scene so rapidly.

CAROLINE F. PUTNAM.

THE RECONSTRUCTION BILL.

The Reconstruction bill which passed the House of Representatives Jan 21st, providing for the better regulating and government of the ten unreconstructed States, as one of the most important enactments of the present Congress, we present below:

Section 1, Be it enacted, etc., That in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Florida, and Arkansas, there are no civil State governments, republican in form, and that the so-called civil governments in said States, respectively shall shall not be recognized as valid or legal State governments, either by the executive or the judicial power or authority of the United States.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That for the speedy enforcement of the act entitled "An Act to provide for the more efficient government of the rebel States," passed March 2, 1867, and the several acts supplementary thereto, the General of the Army of the United States is hereby authorized and required to enjoin, by special orders, upon all officers in command, within the several military departments within said several States, the performance of all acts authorized by said several laws above recited; is authorized to remove, at his discretion, by his order, from command, any or all of said commanders, and detail other officers of the United States Army, not below the rank of Colonel, to perform all the duties and exercise all the powers authorized by said several acts, to the end that the people of the said several States may speedily reorganize civil governments, republican in form, in said several States, and be restored to political power in the Union.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That the General of the Army may remove any or all civil officers now acting under the several Provisional governments within the said several disorganized States, and appoint others to discharge the duties pertaining to their respective offices, and may do any and all acts which, by said several laws above mentioned, are authorized to be done by the several Commanders of the Military Department within said States; and so much of said acts, or of any act, as authorizes the President to detail the Military Commanders to said Military Departments, or to remove any officers who may be detailed as herein provided, is hereby repealed.

Sec. 4. And be it further enacted, That it shall be unlawful for the President of the United States to order any part of the army or navy of the United States to assist by force of arms the authority of either of said Provisional governments in said disorganized States, to oppose or obstruct the authority of the United States, as provided in this act and the acts to which this is supplementary,

Sec. 5. And be it further enacted, That any interference by any person, with intent to prevent by force the execution of the orders of the General of the Army, made in pursuance of this act and of the acts aforesaid, or any refusal or wilful neglect of any person to issue any order or do any act required by this act, or other of the acts to which this act is additional and supplementary, with intent to defeat or delay the due execution of this act or of either of the acts to which this is supplementary, shall be held to be a high misdemeanor, and the party guilty thereof shall, upon conviction, be fined not exceeding five thousand dollars and imprisoned not exceeding two years.

Sec. 6. And be it further enacted, That as much of all acts, and parts of acts, as conflicts or is inconsistent with the provisions of this act, is hereby repealed.

Convention of the Universal Peace Society in Washington.—A Convention of the Universal Peace Society will be held in Harmonial Hall, Washington, D. C., on the days of the 30th and 31st inst., between the hours of 9½ a.m. and 7½ p.m. Speakers from various parts of the country will be present, and interesting reports read from the Peace movements in Europe and elsewhere. To all the friends of humanity a cordial invitation is extended without distinction, and every one may have a hearing as time and good order will permit; while from those who cannot attend, any word or aid will be welcomed by the society.

OBITUARY.

REV. GEORGE GORDON.

To the Editor of the Standard:

Dear Sir: Permit a few words in regard to the life and character of Rev. George Gordon, who closed his earthly labors and sufferings at the residence of his brother, John Gordon, near New Salem, Ohio, on the 11th December, in the 62d year of his age.

His last sickness was protracted through months of extreme suffering, which was borne with that quiet fortitude, lively hope, and sustaining faith in the right which characterized his life. He expressed himself the more willing to depart as freedom had been proclaimed to all, throughout all the land, and yet he was not without the most anxious thought concerning the present national problem of reconstruction. Sure he was that it would only be solved by the formula of justice.

Mr. Gordon was educated in the rigid methods of Calvinistic orthodoxy. He became a minister in the Presbyterian church, deeming its faith and influence most valuable for the promotion of truth and human happiness. He loved the church, but he loved justice and humanity more. Hence, when he saw the church was a slaveholding church, he left it, and was early among those who organized the Free Presbyterian Church as their protest against slavery and the complicity of the Presbyterian church therein.

Endowed with clear moral perception, with self-sacrificing benevolence, he devoted his life to the establishment of justice, to the elevation of man by securing to him the enjoyment of his personal rights, and educating him to the discharge of all his consequent personal obligations. He had firmness of character and persistency of will. Hence obstacles did not discourage or difficulties daunt him. Those traits of character which, illy consorted in some men, making them illiberal, positive dogmatists, with his earnest, conscientious benevolence, made him a liberal, positive worker for goodness and the right, regardless of popular opinion.

Many years ago Robert Carlisle, a slaveholding Kentuckian, attempted to drag his slave Kit from his family into slavery in another State. The slave resisted, and in the conflict slew his master. Public sentiment, debauched by slavery, denounced the man as a murderer, and was fierce in the demand that he should be hanged for the crime. Gordon, then in his youth, vehemently denounced this popular sentiment of his neighborhood. He affirmed that the slave was a *hero*; that he had done only what Washington had done in slaying the British; what every man would be commended for doing if Indians were attempting to drag him captive. This new logic, enforced by earnest, plain speech, startled the neighborhood. The elders, his honored father among them, admonished him to "beware—he was watched. It did not become a youth to talk so freely." But "the boy was father to the man." The man seems never to have reformed this habit of the boy, to utter important truth without fear or favor.

He saw that the discriminations of society on the subject of education were unjust and subversive of its best interests. Hence he gave the mature and closing portion of his life to the work of education—to the practical upbuilding of an institution which recognized the equal want of and equal right to education of all, of men and women, black and white, of whatever nation or whatever race. It was mainly through his influence that Iberia College, in this State, of which he was President, was conducted on these just and liberal principles, and during the prosecution of these labors he had the satisfaction of knowing that many liberated and noble youth were sent forth from its classes to give life-long, practical demonstration of the meanness and falsehood of popular prejudice. But this work, and especially its success, aroused the vindictive opposition of all lovers of slavery and their allies, wherever found, whether on the plantation, in the democratic or republican party, or the so-called Christian church, and they made him the best victim of the fugitive slave-law—a law which must ever remain the wonder and shame of our country.

He was honored with a conviction for its violation, and sentenced to fine and imprisonment therefor. This trial occurred just after Mr. Lincoln's accession to the Presidency, when the politicians of the North, at their wit's end, in cowardly terror had fallen upon their faces in the dust, suppliants to armed rebels, pledging anything, however infamous, so they would stay the hand of bloody treason. It occurred when Northern *statesmen* (!) were assembled in "Peace Congress" at Washington—when Congress so "amended" the Constitution as to make slavery perpetual and free discussion impossible—when an Ohio legislature in cowardly haste ratified that amendment—when the New York *Tribune* would not publish the facts in this case—when the newly appointed District Attorney, an "old Abolitionist", prosecuted the case with a zeal and with expedients that won the laurels from the most unscrupulous legal slavehunter that Pierce or Buchanan ever awarded with a commission. In such an hour of guilt and gloom our friend stood forth with loving courage to vindicate the poor—the representative of liberty—yielding no atom of its claims for the meanest, unappalled, unyielding, full of faith and courage, though a nation stood arrayed against him as a persecutor, clothed in the panoply of misnamed law. It was worth a life to have stood there, an heroic representative of liberty and truth. Our friend needs no eulogy, no monument, but only the record of this fact. To the poor his memory is fresh and precious.

Salem, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1868.

OUTRAGE IN TENNESSEE.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

Nashville, Tuesday, Jan. 14.

At Linnville Station, Giles county, Tenn., last Saturday night, three colored men were seized by sixteen white men, carried out into the woods, stripped, tied over a log, and then whipped at intervals for the space of two hours. They were told that this was done because they belonged to the Union League, and had voted the Radical ticket. After they were released, they were threatened with still rougher treatment if they did not leave the State. The white men were armed and wore masks. Three of the villains, Tom Mitchell, Henry Fox and McDougherty were recognized. They belong to the notorious "Kuklux Klan," which was implicated in the Pulaski riot last week. Frank Dickerson, one of the men whipped, reached Nashville to day, and reported to Gen. Carlin. His back is severely lacerated.

WOMEN AS PHYSICIANS.

The *Evening Post* says:

It is only a few years since women have begun to look to the practice of medicine as a profession; but there are already considerable numbers of educated, capable female physicians. It is believed that there are now more than three hundred female physicians in this country, and a half a dozen colleges are open for medical instruction of women. Since Miss Blackwell began in 1840, a change in public sentiment has taken place, and there is reason to believe that in time a considerable proportion of the physicians in this country will be women. In this city the New York Medical College for women graduated nine women in February of last year, and there is a Lying-in-Hospital, lately established for the special treatment of diseases of women and infant children. In 1866, there were eighteen female students attending Bellevue Hospital, of whom sixteen were members of the New York Medical College and two of the Pennsylvania College.

At the Eclectic College, female students have been freely admitted, but on account of their numbers a new college is now organizing for women alone, and as soon as a charter is obtained it will go into operation. A separate college has been carried on for some time by this school of medicine, but in a very small way, and with inadequate means and accommodations. It is difficult to ascertain how many regularly educated female physicians there are in New York, as many women have taken up the profession without having had a regular medical education.

Opposition has been made, both in this country and in England, to women practicing or studying medicine. In France the greatest liberality has been shown, and many of our best physicians have graduated from the French schools. When Miss Nightingale undertook to prepare herself for the education of nurses, there was no institution in England suited for her wants, and she had to go Germany to study. In 1856, Miss Meriton White applied at fourteen of the London medical institutions for admittance to the benefits of their instruction, but her request was refused by every one of them, though several were legally bound by their charters to recive her. Miss Garrett, another English lady, obtained admittance to the Apothecaries' Hall by legal compulsion, having influence and means sufficient to secure her rights, but was forced to pay ten times the ordinary fees in order to pass through the course of study.

A number of institutions for the education of nurses have been established in England, one of the largest of which is in Liverpool; it contains sixty women. No objection has ever been made to women becoming nurses, and it would seem that they should be equally fit to become physicians. In medicine, as in nearly every other profession, woman have had to contend against many obstacles, yet are succeding in spite of them. Their means of education have been inferior to those afforded to men, and have been made still worse by poor accommodations, inefficient instructors, and limited facilities for dissection. Another great impediment in their way is the want of opportunities for associating with other students and discussing difficult points in their studies, which men can always enjoy.

Women, having a personal knowledge of their own organization, and thoroughly understanding its working and disorders ought, if thoroughly educated, to be even better fitted to prescribe for and cure diseases peculiar to their sex, than men, who must gather all their evidence from hearsay, or from external symptoms.

It is sometimes urged as an argument against women becoming physicians, that they have not enough nerve and would fail in performing dissections and surgical operations, or in treating serious cases. But it is probable that women well trained have as much nerve as men. The female nurses in the English hospitals assist during surgical treatment as efficiently as men, and women in this country have performed operations of the severest kind with perfect success. During a very moving demonstration by Dr. Wood at Bellevue Hospital, at which thirty-five women and over eighty young men were present, nearly a dozen of the latter had to leave the room, but not one of the former gave way. Every person who has had any medical experience can recall cases where women in the sick room have shown remarkable ability and coolness. In England Miss White, afterwards an admirable physician, first attracted attention by her skill in setting a broken limb, and was advised by her family doctor to study medicine.

Medicine is perhaps the only profession in which women have assumed a perfect equality with men. Their charges are the same, and they have in general demanded all the privileges and rights of male practitioners. Up to the present time they have been remarkably successful. Many of them enjoy a large practice. Drs. Elizabeth and Emma Blackwell, Dr. Haydon and Dr. Lozier are among the first in this city, and have taken a high position as practitioners. Dr. Fowler, of Orange, has been very successful. In Philadelphia six ladies who practice medicine have incomes ranging from $2,000 to $10,000. $15,000 is the highest income of a female physician in New York. There are other women physicians of note in Boston, Utica, Rochester, Elmira, Ithaca and Milwaukee.

LITERARY.

Waiting for the Verdict. By Mrs. R. H. Davis, Author of "Life in the Iron Mills," etc. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1868.

Uncle Tom's Cabin struck the public mind at a white heat, and gained from its fluent condition so much power that the world will never be able to look at it fairly. It will always perplex the judgments of men on this account, and coming generations will read it without understanding the secrets of its influence. Had the consciousness of the *needs* of the black race penetrated to the heart of the nation, as the utter hatred of slavery had begun to do when Uncle Tom was published, "Waiting for the Verdict" would have created a similar excitement, as it really deserves to work a wider reform.

There was an ideal element in Mrs. Stowe's remarkable book which seems at first sight wanting to Mrs. Davis's. The airy grace of the St. Clairs finds no counterpart in the sluggish chivalry of Randolph. The golden beauty of Eva, who seemed to have as little identity as a sunbeam, is not matched by the thoughtful, steady sanity of Rosslyn Burley, nor does the heavy sorrow of Nat, or the keen faculty of Broderip fascinate us like the impossible virtue of Uncle Tom himself.

Yet we have never seen any book which shows such familiarity with every aspect of our present problem as this. No other author has comprehended as well the various ways in which the curse still rests upon the people, white and black. No one else sets the poor white by the side of the poor black, or shows so vividly the loss of moral power to the best hearts and minds of the South. The book is the healthiest which Mrs. Davis has written. It is redolent with Pennsylvania air. What is really an artistic defect, that is, the crowding of figures on her canvas, adds to the vivid impression she gives us of the hurried pressures and perplexities of the war. The peculiar insight into the sorrowful burdens of the human heart which has always distinguished the author, is here relieved by a more genial outlook upon society, and, as usual, by touches of description never to be forgotten.

In a mere literary sense, sentences like the following have more value than they show:

"She looks at everybody through their best trait, so all the world stands at ease with her."

"Her most careless motion always seemed to him as if it kept time to some music that he could not hear."

"When God gives a *friend* to a woman in her husband, or lover, or child, He has little more to give her here."

"She wore her body, unconscious of it, and neglectful of it, as a half-used garment, yet never was its beauty so dominant and perilous."

In the character of Broderip many of the best traits of both races are brought out. It is the simple negro heart that anticipates so gaily the dawn of the day of festival, and demands that the whole world shall keep holiday with it. It is Anglo-Saxon blood that thrills, when the coarse discourtesy of Margaret Conrad shakes the note which the negro woman brought. Which was most bitterly tainted at that moment, the perfumed paper, or that haughty girl's own heart? It was the mingling of the sweetest traits in both races that made Broderip so long for her expression of trust, which made him stoop to kiss the child whose life he had just prayed for, but it was the loyal soul of the negro which made it cut him to the heart to see *white men* giving their lives for *his* race. To the Anglo-Saxon, that would have been all natural enough. How full of power is the interview described between him and his mother! Whatever God had made of him, *He* did not hinder him from being a man. "No matter what color God gave him," he thinks, in his hour of agony, "he will make himself fit to keep Margaret's gift," and as soon as he had taken his first clear resolution, the maiden name of his mistress comes as easily to his lips as if it had always been there:

"I think there is somewhere a world where my color will not keep me from her."

A more repulsive pride than Margaret's own, it would be hard to find on record; yet, whosoever has lived in a slave county, knows how carefully the picture has been studied. It was only according to the ordinary mental law that Margaret should discover her mistake, and impose upon herself the heaviest retribution by taking charge of the colored schools. How much more deeply slavery has harmed the white man than the black, is delicately indicated when the chivalrous honor of the Randolphs falls before the test which Broderip meets like a man.

How different the characters of Strebling and Randolph! The selfishness of the first is active, that of the latter passive. How one's heart aches at his utter want of sympathy with poor Sap. "For Strebling's look, even to fall on a woman, was, in Garrick's mind, to leave a stain on her." But Strebling's disloyalty to the mother of Ross was a light sin beside Garrick's wilful deception of poor old Hugh. A light sin, because the free girl might be supposed to keep possession of her own soul. But both these men owed their vices to that institution which had depraved their senses and blinded their moral vision. Randolph's sensuality was not the less real, because it was invisible to the common eye. "Perhaps he was not conscious of the delicate damask, nor the creamy biscuit; but if one had been coarse and the other sodden, Eden would not have been so vivid to him." We remember Anne, of Austria, who was to find her purgatory—at least so Mazarin said—in Holland sheets! How we pity Ross when she tries to show her heart to this man. How little he understands her when she says, "I wanted to see them draw their first free breath!" With what warm hope she thinks "I know him for a better man than they know him, a nobler." And how perseveringly she tries to make him go back with her and share the experiences of her girl life! The chapter called "Disenchantment" is the epitome of many a courtship. Why is it that women will never learn that if the lover is so full of his own plans that he cannot pause to comprehend theirs; that if *he* is so selfishly distraught with passion that he ignores their tastes and wishes, the husband will do still worse? Ross's steady influence is charmingly sketched, but we confess we do not see what made her willing to be the mother of Garrick Randolph's child.

A very delicate comprehension of the colored race is shown in these pages. The determination of Sap to keep one thing of his own, shown in the murder of his dog, is true to experience. So is the persistent youth with which Anny tries to decorate herself for her husband, and recalls the freshness of her love daily. So is the hot maternal longing with which she cries "A mudder kerries her chile's life on her heart when he is a man, jes as before he's born. I wonder what was my boy's birthright in this country."

"They is very good at *fancy lying*," said old Joe, "but they is loyal at heart, pervided you trust 'em as men." "They've kept me like a brute all my life," said Nat, "but they kent hinder my dying like a man." "Will I always be cullored?" asked poor Tom of his mother, and then lies awake through the long hours to ponder his fate. All of us know how often this has been done. There is nowhere anything more touching than the dignity with which Anny answers Captain Sands when he asks, "Is this Nat your husband?" "He is my boy's father, sir." What a contrast it is to the dribbling morality of the queriest—a sort of talk that stirs the hot blood whenever we hear it, as we often do, here in the North. The last scene between Miss Conrad and Markle is eloquent; for the rest, all the characters show the malarious atmosphere which surrounds them.

Ross recoils from Sap's yellow and shrivelled hand. Randolph resents Ross's contact with the "people," and shrinks from old Joe. Miss Conrad loves Broderip, but the love is too weak to overcome an imperceptible barrier. Strebling, like so many slaveholders, believes himself the victim of circumstances and drifts down stream.

It seems to us that if the heart of the people were awake, this book would have had a very different reception. Of those who have read it, how many have penetrated the full secret of its title? It is, perhaps, some consolation that one woman's heart comprehends the whole problem, and thus forsees its solution.

C. H. D.

The January number of the *Radical* contains sixteen extra pages, and twelve original articles, as follows: "The Idea of God;" "The Two Religions in the New Testament" "Doubt;" "Prayer;" "Earnest Words to Mothers;" The significance of Jesus to the present time, being a "Letter to the Editor;" Mr. Swinburne's Poem, "Laus Veneris;" a reply to Henry Ward Beecher's claim for the clergy; a criticism of the proceedings of Congress, entitled "King Mob's Budget;" besides various notes by the Editor on "Culture," "Health," "Government," "The Dividing Line," etc.; an extended notice of Mrs. Dall's book, "Woman: the College, the Market and the Court;" Two Poems—A Sonnet from Petrarch," by T. W. Higginson, and "The Future," by Edward Rowland Sill. Among the contributors are C. A. Bartol, D. A. Wasson, Charles K. Whipple, of Boston; Everett Finley, of Leicester, Mass.; M. H. Doolittle, of Washington, D. C.; Tom Davidson, of St. Louis; a Washington author contributes "King Mob's Budget;" O. B. Frothingham, of New York, furnishes the fifth and last of a series of papers on the *Two* Religions in the New Testament, concluding what is everywhere regarded as a very remarkable treatise.

"A Journey in Brazil," written jointly by Professor and Mrs. Agassiz, gives some incidental touches upon the negroes and slavery in Brazil. Visiting a small island on the coast, they chanced to see a dance of slaves.

"The dance and the song had, like the amusements of the negroes in all lands, an endless monotonous, repetition. Looking at their half-naked figures and unintelligent faces, the question arose, so constantly suggested when we come in contact with this race, "What will they do with this great gift of freedom?" The only corrective for the half doubt is to consider the whites side by side with them; whatever one may think of the condition of slavery for the blacks, there can be no question as to its evil effects on their masters. Captain Bradbury asked the proprietor of the island whether he hired or owned his slaves. "Own them—a hundred, and more; but it will finish soon," he answered in his broken English. "Finish soon! how do you mean?" "It finish with you; and when it finish with you, it finish here, it finish everywhere." He said it not in any tone of regret or complaint, but as an inevitable fact. The death-note of slavery in the United States was its death-note everywhere. We thought this significant and cheering.—p. 49.

This was written in 1865. A few months after—

We had a long conversation with our pleasant travelling companion, Mr. Sinimbu, senator from the province of Alagoas, on the aspect of slavery in Brazil. It seems to me that we may have something to learn here in our own perplexities respecting the position of the black race among us, for the Brazilians are trying gradually and by instalments some of the experiments which are forced upon us without previous preparation. The absence of all restraint upon the free blacks, the fact that they are eligible to office, and that all professional careers are open to them, without prejudice on the ground of color, enables one to form some opinion as to their ability and capacity for development. Mr. Sinimbu tells us that here the result is on the whole in their favor; he says that the free blacks compare well in intelligence and activity with the Brazilians and Portuguese. But it must be remembered, in making the comparison with reference to our own country, that here they are brought into contact with a less energetic and powerful race than the Anglo-Saxon. Mr. Sinimbu believes that emancipation is to be accomplished in Brazil by a gradual process which has already begun. A large number of slaves are freed every year by the wills of their masters; a still larger number buy their own freedom annually; and as there is no longer any importation of blacks, the inevitable result of this must be the natural death of slavery. Unhappily, the process is a slow one, and in the meanwhile slavery is doing its evil work, debasing and enfeebling alike whites and blacks. The Brazilians themselves do not deny this, and one constantly hears them lament the necessity of sending their children away to be educated, on account of the injurious association with house-servants. In fact, although politically slavery has a more hopeful aspect here than elsewhere, the institution from a moral point of view has some of its most revolting characters in this country, and looks, if possible, more odious than it did in the States.

The other day, in the neighborhood of Rio, I had an opportunity of seeing a marriage between two negroes, whose owner made the religious, or, as it appeared to me on this occasion, irreligious ceremony, obligatory. The bride, who was as black as jet, was dressed in white muslin, with a veil of coarse white lace, such as the negro women make themselves, and the husband was in a white linen suit. She looked, and I think she really felt, diffident; for there were a good many strangers present, and her position was embarrassing. The Portuguese priest, a bold, insolent looking man, called them up and rattled over the marriage service with most irreverent speed, stopping now and then to scold them both, but especially the woman, because she did not speak loud enough, and did not take the whole thing in the same coarse, rough way that he did. When he ordered them to come up and kneel at the altar, his tone was more suggestive of cursing than praying, and having uttered his blessing he hurled an amen at them, slammed the prayer-book down on the altar, whiffed out the candles, and turned the bride and bridegroom out of the chapel with as little ceremony as one would have kicked out a dog. As the bride came out, half crying, half smiling, her mother met her and showered her with rose-leaves, and so this act of consecration, in which the mother's benediction seemed the only grace, was over. I thought what a strange confusion there must be in these poor creatures' minds, if they thought about it at all. They are told that the relation between man and his wife is a sin, unless confirmed by the sacred rite of marriage; they come to hear a bad man gabble over them words which they cannot understand, mingled with taunts and abuse which they understand only too well, and side by side with their own children grow up the little fair-skinned slaves to tell them practically that the white man does not keep himself the law he imposes on them. What a monstrous lie the whole system must seem to them if they are ever led to think about it at all. I am far from supposing that the instance I have given should be taken as representing the state of religious instruction on plantations generally. No doubt there are good priests who improve and instruct their black parishioners; but it does not follow because religious services are provided on a plantation, the ceremony of marriage observed, etc., that there is anything which deserves the name of religious instruction. It would be unjust not to add the better side of the question in this particular instance. The man was free, and I was told that the woman received her liberty and a piece of land from her master, as her marriage dower.—pp. 128—131.

More surprising than the continuity in the growth of language, is the continuity in the growth of religion. Of religion, too, as of language, it may be said that in it every thing new is old, and everything old is new, and that there has been no entirely new religion since the beginning of the world. The elements and roots of religion were there, as far back as we can trace the history of man; and the history of religion, like the history of language, shows us throughout a succession of new combinations of the same radical elements. An intuition of God, a sense of human weakness and dependence, a belief in a Divine government of the world, a distinction between good and evil, and a hope of a better life, these are some of the radical elements of all religions. Though sometimes hidden, they rise again and again to the surface. Though frequently distorted, they tend again and again to their perfect form. Unless they had formed part of the original dowry of the human soul, religion itself would have remained an impossibility. If we once understand this clearly, the words of St. Augustine, which have seemed startling to many of his admirers, become perfectly clear and intelligible, when he says, (Retr. 1, 13)—"What is now called the Christian religion has existed among the ancients, and was not absent from the beginning of the human race, until Christ came in the flesh; from which time the true religion, which existed already, began to be called Christian." From this point of view the words of Christ too, which startled the Jews, assume their true meaning, when he said to the centurion of Capernaum—"Many shall come from the East and the West, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven."—*Chips from a German Workshop. By Max Muller.* London. 1867.—pp. x. xi.

Surely it is not necessary, in order to prove that our religion is the only true religion, that we should insist on the utter falseness of all other forms of belief. We need not be frightened if we discover traces of truth, traces even of Christian truth, among the sages and lawgivers of other nations. St. Augustine was not frightened by this discovery, and every thoughtful Christian will feel cheered by the words of that pious philosopher, when he boldly declares that there is no religion which, among its many errors, does not contain some real and divine truth. It shows a want of faith in God, and in His inscrutable wisdom in the government of the world, if we think we ought to condemn all ancient forms of faith, except the religion of the Jews.—*Ib*, pp. 54, 55.

The Friend, for January, the first number of the third volume, is one of the best in the quality of its articles, and the finest in appearance which has been issued. It contains *A Discourse by Lucretia Mott*, preached in the Second Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, Nov. 24th, 1867; *Our Inheritance from the Puritans*, by Rev. John W. Chadwick; *Egypt's Place in Universal History*, by Caroline H. Dall, and other interesting articles. The present editor is Mrs. Alice Loines Bunker. She is, herself, a fine writer, and is possessed of good judgment and excellent discriminating, editorial talent. *The Friend* occupies a broad, catholic platform, and cannot do otherwise than benefit those who are, or may become, attentive readers of its pages. We hope it may achieve a circulation commensurate with its worth. It is published at 131 William street, New York. Its subscription price is two dollars per year.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe has a paper on "Household Service" in the last number of *Fraser's Magazine*, to which Sir Edmund Head contributes "The Visit of Thorfinn, Earl of Orkney, to King Magus, a Ballad Scene."

Harper & Brothers publish to-day the third volume of Mr. Motley's "History of the United Netherlands." The fourth volume is in press, and will soon appear.

The husband of Mrs. Muhlbach, the prolific authoress, has written a historical novel, said to be of decided ability.

It is reported that Dumas is engaged upon a work of fiction on the life of Abraham Lincoln.

The article, "Charles Dickens," in the *Northern Monthly*, attributed to Edmund Kirke, is stoutly denied by that gentleman.

RECEIVED.

Woman's Wrongs, by Gail Hamilton, 212 pages. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

History of the United Netherlands. By J. L. Motley. Vol. 3. 599 pages. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Stories of the Gorilla Country, by Paul Du Chaillu. With numerous illustrations. 292 pages. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Guild Court, a London Story, by George Mac Donald. 148 pages. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Putnam's Monthly for Feb. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

De Bow's Review, for Jan., 1868. New York and Nashville.

The Radical for Jan. Boston: Adams & Co.

Littell's Living Age. No. 1234. Boston: Littell & Gay.

Every Saturday. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Special Notices.

The Anti-Slavery Office on Fifth street is closed. Persons who have business with the State Society, who wish to pay their subscription for The Standard, or who wish to subscribe for the paper, will please call on the undersigned, who has consented to act as General Agent for a time. E. M. Davis,
No, 333 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

S. LASAR, NO. 80 CEDAR STREET, N. Y.

Notary Public for the State of New York, and Commissioner for States and Territories, etc., etc.
United States Passports secured within forty-eight hours from the time of application.
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The Standard in New Orleans.—The Standard may now be obtained regularly each week in New Orleans of A. Simon, Esq., No. 85 Barome street.

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Miscellaneous Department.

DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church bell, sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low;
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die.
You, came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day—
He hath no other life above,
He gave me a friend and a true, true love,
And the new year will take them away.
Old year, you must not go:
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us—
Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim:
A jollier year we shall not see;
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest;
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him, across the waste,
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friends,
And the new year, blithe and bold, my friends,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flutter to and fro:
The cricket chirps—the light burns low,
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands before you die!
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin—
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes—tie up his chin—
Step from the corpse: and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friends.
And a new face at the door, my friends,
The new year's at the door.

AN EXTRAORDINARY INVENTION—A STEAM MAN.

The following story of a remarkable mechanical invention is told by the Newark (N. J.) *Advertiser:*

"Mr. Zadock Deddrick, a Newark machinist, has invented a man; one that, moved by steam, will perform some of the most important functions of humanity; that will, standing upright, walk or run, as he is bid, in any direction and at almost any rate of speed, drawing after him a load whose weight would tax the strength of three stout draught horses. The history of this curious invention is as follows: Six years ago Mr. Deddrick, the inventor, who is at present but twenty-two years of age, conceived the novel idea of constructing a man that should receive its vitality from a perpetual motion machine. The idea was based on the well known principle that if a heavy weight be placed on the top of an upright slightly inclined from a vertical, gravitation will tend to produce a horizontal as well as a vertical motion. The project was not successful. However, by observing carefully the cause of the failure preserving and perfecting the man-form, and by substituting steam in the place of the perpetual motion machine the present success was attained.

"The man stands seven feet and nine inches high, the other dimensions of the body being correctly proportioned, making him a second Daniel Lambert, by which name he is facetiously spoken of among the workmen. He weighs five hundred pounds. Steam is generated in the body or trunk which is nothing but a three-horse power engine, like those used in our steam fire engines. The legs which support it are complicated and wonderful. The steps are taken very naturally and quite easily. As the body is thrown forward upon the advanced foot the other is lifted from the ground by a spring and thrown forward by the steam. Each step or pace advances the body two feet and every revolution of the engine produces four paces. As the engine is capable of making more than a thousand revolutions a minute it would get over the ground, on this calculation, at the rate of a little more than a mile a minute. As this would be working the legs faster than would be safe on uneven ground or on Broad street cobble stones, it is proposed to run the engine at the rate of five hundred revolutions per minute, which would walk the man at the modest speed of a half a mile a minute.

"The fellow is attached to a common Rockaway carriage, the shafts of which serve to support him in a vertical position. These shafts are two bars of iron, fastened in the usual manner to the front of the carriage, and are curved so as to be joined to a circular sustaining bar, which passes around the waist like a girth, and in which the man moves so as to face in any direction. Besides these motions, machinery has been arranged by which the figure can be thrown backward or forward, from a vertical nearly forty-five degrees. This is done in order to enable it to ascend or descend all grades. To the soles of the feet spikes or corks are fixed, which effectually prevent slipping. The whole affair is so firmly sustained by the shafts, and has so excellent a foothold, that two men are unable to push it over, or in any way throw it down. In order to enable it to stop quickly, it is provided with two appliances, one of which will, as before stated, throw it backward from the vertical, while the other bends the knees in a direction opposite to the natural posision.

"An upright post, which is arranged in front of the dash-board, and within easy reach of the front seats, sustains two miniature pilot-wheels, by the turning of which these various motions and evolutions are directed. It is expected that a sufficiently large amount of coal can be stowed away under the back seat of the carriage to work the engine for a day, and enough water in a tank under the front seat to last half a day.

"In order to prevent the 'giant' from frightening horses by its wonderful appearance, Mr. Deddrick intends to clothe it and give it as nearly as nearly as possible a likeness to the rest of humanity. The boiler and such parts as are unnecessarily heated will be encased in felt or woollen undergarments. Pantaloons, coat and vest, of the latest styles, are provided. Whenever the fires need coaling, which is every two or three hours, the driver stops the machine, descends from his seat, unbuttons 'Daniel's' vest, opens a door, shovels in the fuel, bnttons up the vest and drives on. On the back, between the shoulders, the steam cocks and gauges are placed. As these would cause the coat to set awkwardly, a knapsack has been provided, that completely covers them. A blanket neatly rolled up and placed on top of the knapsack perfects the delusion. The face is moulded into a cheerful countenance of white enamel, which contrasts well with the dark hair and moustache. A sheet-iron hat with a gauge top acts as a smoke-stack.

"The cost of this 'first man' is $2,000, though the makers, Messrs. Deddrick & Grass, expect to manufacture succeeding ones, warranted to run a year without repairs for $300. The same parties expect to contract, on the same principle, horses which will do the duty of ten or twelve ordinary animals of the same species. These, it is confidently believed, can be used alike before carriages, street cars and ploughs. The man now constructed can make his way without difficulty over any irregular surface whose ruts and stones are not more than nine inches below or above the level of the road."

American Education from a French Point of View.—The *Opinion Nationale*, in an article on the recent letter of M. Dupanloup, pays the following handsome tribute to the American system of education:

"The Americans," it says, "who have been able to realize in their States a degree of liberty to which no other nation has as yet succeeded in attaining, have based their whole political system on the national education. In the United States all citizens, without distinction of either rank or sex, have passed at first through the primary schools, where they have received, with the instruction necessary to the mechanic, the trader or the farmer, ideas which are indispensable to the citizen. Young girls and young boys are reared in the love of the laws of the country, and in the confidence that these laws are superior to those of other people's. Every American is therefore invincibly attached to his institutions, and is ready to sacrifice everything to defend them. This was seen during the war of secession. Speak, then, to Americans of their permitting to be established among them, under the pretence of liberty, a system of schools in which the national institutions are to be decried! But the Americans have a policy, and we have not."

DECLINE OF THE LECTURE SEASON—THE NEW ENGLAND LYCEUMS.

The Boston correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* writes:

"The lyceum in New England is in a demoralized condition. Lyceums cannot arrange paying courses, owing to the fact that the best lecturers get so much more in your young Western cities than our Eastern communities can afford to pay. A town of five thousand people, with you, has six enterprising, warm-blooded young men, who want to take out two or three young ladies apiece once a week to a lecture, where a similar town with us has six not very young women who must stay at home in pinched and chilled maidenhood because the seventh woman alone can get a beau. With you in the West, also, people read at home less than with us at the East; a good lecture is more serviceable in the West than in the East. The consequence need not be pointed out. The West pays the best lecturers much better than we can. Hence our lyceums languish.

"There is undoubtedly a two-fold serious fault in many of the lectures now offered to the public. They are not of profound interest, and they are not well done. Even able lecturers catch up some theme of exciting interest to politicians and the newspapers, and make a harangue when they ought to make a lecture, not merely handling a topic of ephemeral interest, but handling it no better than it has been handled for every hearer in his newspaper. In the half-dozen lectures inflicted on us this Winter upon Reconstruction, there has not been the gleam of an idea not fully familiar to all of us. Even the speech of Wendell Phillips on 'The Dawdling Congress' seemed common-place compared with his masterly recital of the story of O'Connell, into which was skilfully woven an unanswerable vindication of the mission of agitators, among whom Mr. Phillips is first in this country, if not in the world. A good lecture ought to be a contribution both of information and of thought, put in the very best style. If the facts recited and the thoughts presented in a lecture are already familiar, and if, in addition, the style of the lecture is not above that of a sermon or a harangue, this two-fold serious error spoils the performance.

"It is a great pity that some of our really able lecturers do what Mr. Phillips, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Norton, and a very few more, never do—that is, introduce mere clap-trap. The great sentiments of humanity are so strong in the American masses, and their appreciation of good thoughts, of telling facts and touching sentiments, is so quick and generous, that no excuse can be found for the lecturer who so far forgets himself as to be superficial and merely sensational. It is possible to give in a lecture a high order of instruction and entertainment; the platform need not attempt to compete with the theatre. What the American people want is a downright earnest scholar and thinker, who can tell effectively the best thing he knows, can picture the most beautiful things, can argue the most true things, can at need set forth the most eloquent things.

"There is one point, if I am not mistaken, in which many able lecturers come to grief—I mean in reading their lectures. The lecture should be spoken, not from memory of written words, but from thorough study, and right out of the head and heart at the moment. This, it is well known, is the method of Mr. Phillips. Charles Dickens does not read, he tells the story, hardly looking at his book, and by no means strictly following it. Newman Hall is effective chiefly because of qualities in his discourses which would drop out or be greatly impaired if he attempted to read sermons. Undoubtedly some men have gifts which will carry them through in spite of the disadvantages of confinement to the manuscript. And yet these men, thoroughly trained to use their powers as Mr. Phillips uses his, would gain immensely. Rev. Jacob Manning and John M. Langston, in the Parker Fraternity course, did not near do themselves justice, because they read written lectures. The success, it seems to me, of the pulpit, in the future, absolutely depends on giving divinity-students a thorough training in the great art of thinking well and speaking well without written preparation."

HEEDLESSNESS.

Alas! I have walked through life
Too heedless where I trod:
Nay, helping to trample my fellow-worm
And fill the burial sod.
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
Not unmarked of God.

The wounds I might have healed!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part:
But evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart.

Hood.

The Silk Worms.—We began this year the raising of silk worms on a great scale. We had two long rows of mulberry trees skirting the meadows; and one, a perfect patriarch, spreading far and wide. My mother had long ago cast her eyes on this rich verdure; she, who was so frugal and simple in other respects, still retained a weakness for silk stockings. As soon as the first buds began to open on the mulberry trees, my mother took a small silken bag from her store-room, and, according to custom, wore it in her dress night and day. Embryo silk-weavers were thus warmed and developed, and finally emerged upon a bed of rose leaves—their first food. The whole family were not too many to provide for this society of intrepid devourers. We went out to gather leaves at sunrise. We stripped them, and laid them out to dry; then, our arms full, we ran to carry them for distribution to my mother, who cried, "More, more!" Thus tended, our nurslings grew like weeds.

The sky was not always favorable; when the southern quarter clouded up after the high winds, there must be a provision laid in. What should we do if the rain fell in sheets? for the silkworm dies on moist leaves. "Run, children, run! gather all you can." My agile brothers, in two bounds, were up the trees, and a deluge of leaves fell on my head. I picked them up, and filled basket after basket. Nothing is more exciting than to work against a coming storm. The lightning in the air seemed to inspire us. We ran into the house when the first drops fell, rich in harvest and in joy. A mountain of verdure was ready for our hungry vassals. My mother dropped her grave demeanor; our work ended in laughter. O happy days!

We pitied the creatures when we saw them every week casting their slough. The poor worm twists and writhes in a distressing crisis, refuses food, and becomes languid. We were always sorry to see these attacks of lethargy; but how glad when my mother entered the school-room, and interrupted our lessons with "They're reviving!" It was, however, a perilous moment. The creature swelled and writhed, about to tear and cast away the old skin, as if it were an oppressive nightmare. My father could not endure to see their protracted agonies. "Go, dear princess," he sometimes said, "carry them out of doors, near the grove where the nightingales build: if they die there, they may transmigrate into the soul of a singing-bird."

They arise from their last sleep, transfigured. Some appear in white satin, like Eastern princes; others wear amber tints, which we see on some Oriental silks. This is their time for the *montée*, or climbing. Little arcades are set up for them, of delicate heather branches. They fast twenty-four hours, bid farewell to the life of this world, and begin to climb. They fling misty threads from one branch to another, at first scarcely perceptible; then a delicate golden hue is visible among the heather; and already the workman begins to look cloudy, and is soon made invisible in the midst of his web.

Could this voluntary burial be according to nature? I could not believe that he would survive it, buried alive, without light. The mere idea of this narrow living tomb oppressed me. The sombre side of death for me was the sight of the coffin, and he made his own beforehand! I would have liked to check him, and cut the thread while I could still perceive him. Then he might still see the sun; and, if he were ever afraid, he would know that I should help him. When, however, all our intercourse was at an end, and when I saw his tomb close over him, I thought he must be dead. The next day I listened, and heard the creatures moving with a rattling sound. I fancied they regretted what they had done, and I was tempted to let them out, but feared to injure them; and, moreover, I felt awe at this great mystery.—*Madame Michelet's "Story of My Childhood."*

GREATNESS TESTED BY LITTLE THINGS.

That is not greatness, calmness, strength of soul,
When, once for all, thou dost experience
Some sudden, terrible calamity,
Some last, decisive, heavy blow of fate,
The loss of reputation, of estate,
Of those thou lov'st, of health, of happiness,
And still remainest patient and composed,—
That is necessity laid on thy soul;
The suffering of violence humbles thee.
But if thou bearest all the lesser cares,
Burdens, and torments of each passing day,
Nor feel'st them bitter,—if serene and strong,
Thou bearest little trials, blessing God,
That, only that, dear soul, is greatness, strength.
Collectedness of spirit, godly walk.
For little griefs thou *mightest* not endure,
But scorn them, prove thyself inferior
Ev'n to thy destiny. Then use, O heart,
Courage and strength, mildness and cheerfulness,
Where only thou canst do it,—in little things.
—*From the German of Leopold Schefer.*

A JOURNEY THROUGH CENTRAL CHINA.

In addition to the letters concerning Dr. Livingstone read at the last meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, in London, an interesting and important memoir "On a Journey through Central China, from Canton to Hankow," by Mr. A. S. Bickmore, was read and discussed. Mr. Bickmore left Canton on the 7th of August, 1866 with the intention of following a route proposed for a future railway to Hankow, by way of Quei-lin and the banks of the Siang affluent of the Yang-tse. Travelling up the Si-kiang to Wuchan, he ascended the Cassia river to Hingnan, and near that place found that this northern affluent of the Canton river was connected by an artificial canal with the great Siang river, flowing northward into the Yang-tse. It being autumn, and the season unusually dry, the upper courses of both the Cassia and the Siang were encumbered by rapids; at other times he believed it would be impossible to travel from Canton through the interior of China to Shanghai in the same boat.

Near the populous city of Quei-lin Mr. Bickmore narrowly escaped massacre at the hands of the unruly populace, notwithstanding the protection afforded him by the Mandarins. The whole country had been in a state of anarchy since the Tae-ping rebellion, and even boats belonging to the imperial government, with the Mandarins on board, were frequently plundered by hordes of ruffians on the banks of the river. Thenceforward his Chinese guides kept him closely confined in his boat, that he might escape observation and reach the Yang-tse in safety. The canal connecting the Yan-tse basin with that of the Sikiang can only be used by boats drawing two feet of water. The water is kept in by dams built across wherever a rapid would occur, and allowing an escape only through a small gap deep enough for a single boat to pass.

At Sichang, on the Siang river, are situated the principal coal mines of the region, and some fifty boat were seen loading. The mines are nothing more than deep pits in the sides of the hills, and consequently only surface coal is obtained. It is to be expected that better coal would occur below the water level, but as soon as the miners come to the water they are obliged to abandon the mines for want of proper pumping apparatus. From Sichang to Monkden, north of Pekin, there is a continued series of coal mines on the flank of the elevations that form the western border of the great plain.

A striking spectacle was presented on arriving at Tung-Ting lake, at the junction of the Siang with the Yang-tse. A heavy northerly wind had been blowing for six or seven days, and few or no boats had been able to proceed; a southerly breeze then set in, and all the boats that had been harboring in many creeks and bays came out, and at sunrise such a sight was obtained as could only be seen in a land where the population is numbered by the hundred million. As far as the eye could reach the surface of the lake was thickly feathered with white sails, some in sunshine, some in shadow, and some in the dim distance apparently gliding on a thick film of air above the water. Four hundred and forty boats were counted in sight at one time. The Poyang lake, lower down the river, is of the same character. It has been noticed that these great lakes have near them a group of high mountains: this is only another way of stating that where there has been an unusual elevation there has been a corresponding depression.

The President explained that Mr. Bickmore was a young American traveller of high promise, who had been occupied during three years in exploring the islands of the Malay Archipelago, and had finished his travels by passing through this unfrequented part of China—unvisited by Europeans since the days of the old Jesuits—and traversing Mongolia and Siberia from Pekin to St. Petersburg.

Plymouth Rock Monument.—The last stone was placed upon this structure on the 7th inst. The complete structure is fifteen feet square, and thirty-eight feet high. The corner-stone was laid on the first of August, 1859, with appropriate ceremonies, and it is expected that the coming Summer will witness its dedication.

In connection with the deposit of the cap-stone on Saturday last, an interesting event occurred. The Pilgrim bones, which were exhumed on Cole's Hill in 1856, during the construction of the water-works, and afterward deposited in a brick vault on the Burying Hill, were again removed from their resting-place, and carefully enclosed in a box lined with lead, were placed in the open chamber in the attic between the cap-stone and the dome. The following inscription on the outside of the box containing the remains, is an authentic record: "About fifty of the pilgrims died during the Winter of 1620 and 1621, and were buried on Cole's Hill. This number included Gov. John Carver, William White, Elizabeth Winslow, wife of Gov. Edward Winslow, Rose Standish, and Mary Allerton, wife of Isaac Allerton. On the 23d of May, 1855, workmen, while excavating a trench for the pipes of the Plymouth Water Works, built during that year, found on the hill, a little south of Middle street, nearly all the bones belonging to three skeletons. The skull was submitted to Dr. John C. Warren and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes of Boston, for the purpose of ascertaining whether they were the skulls of white persons or were those of Indians. Their decision that the skulls were those of white persons, made it certain that they were those of some of the Pilgrims who died in 1620 and '21. The bones were soon after carefully placed in a vault on the Burying Hill prepared for the purpose, and were exhumed and placed in the canopy over the Rock where the Pilgrims landed, on the 30th day of Nov., 1867, the day of the completion of the canopy."—*Tribune.*

A French Literary Anecdote.—The Paris correspondent of the New York Evening *Post* tells the following characteristic story:

The drama is sufficiently akin to literature to warrant allusion to another anecdote connected with the sister art. A literary "poor devil" having vainly attempted to obtain admission to various periodicals, was at last so fortunate as to stumble upon an editor willing to accept his essay. The author retired, encouraged and flattered, expecting in the course of a few days to see himself in print. His hopes were disappointed. He sent a second article, which likewise was accepted but never published. After a considerable amount of manuscript had accumulated on the editor's hands, there arrived one day a package accompanied by the following letter:

"Monsieur: You did not turn me away the first time I had the honor of meeting you. This kindness has kindled in my breast a profound affection for you; allow me therefore to address to you, as my only friend, my eternal welfare. Discouraged on all sides, I have resolved to abandon life. The article that I enclose with this letter is the last that my dying hand will ever trace."

"Poor devil," murmured the editor, and inserted the article.

The next day the author presented himself at the cashier's office to draw his pay. Here by chance he encountered the editor, who was naturally disconcerted at the meeting.

"Ah, my friend," he exclaimed, "that money has all been paid in masses for your soul."

Mr. Gladstone, in a recent speech on Irish affairs, contended specially for the principle of religious equality among the inhabitants. One short sentence in this part of his speech should be pondered by all religious disputants. It is this: "Nothing can be hostile to religion which is agreeable to justice."

BELLANCHE AND MADAME RECAMIER.

Alger's "Friendships of Women," recently issued by Roberts Brothers, has the following passage:

In 1830, Ballanche, publishing his chief work, the "Palingenesie Sociale," dedicated it to Madame Recamier, in a form whose delicacy and fervor made it one of the most exquisite pieces of praise ever paid in letters. Alluding to Canova's portrait of Madame Recamier, in the character of the celestial guide of Dante, he says:

"An artist enveloped in a grand renown, a sculptor who has just shed so much glory on the illustrious land of Dante, and whose graceful imagination the masterpieces of antiquity have so often exalted, one day, for the first time, saw a woman who seemed to him a living apparition of Beatrice. Full of that religious emotion which is the gift of genius, he immediately commanded the marble, always obedient to his chisel, to express the sudden inspiration of the moment; and the Beatrice of Dante passed from the vague region of poetry into the domain of substantial art. The sentiment which dwells in this harmonious countenance, now become a new type of pure and virgin beauty, in its turn inspires artists and poets. This woman, whose name I would here conceal, whom I would veil even as Dante does, is endowed with all the generous sympathies of our age. She has visited, with the select few, the haunts of lofty minds. Here, in this seat of imperturbable peace, of unalterable security, she has formed noble friendships—those friendships which have filled her life, which, born under immortal auspices, are sheltered alike from time, from death, and from all human vicissitudes. I address myself, then, to her who has been seen as a living apparition or Beatrice. Can she encourage me with her smile—with that serious smile of love and of grace which expresses at once confidence and pity for the pains of probation, for the burdens of an exile that should end—sweet and calm augury, wherein is revealed, even in the present, the certainty of our infinite hopes, the grandeur of our definitive destinies?"

When the good Ballanche was taken dangerously ill, Madame Recamier had just undergone an operation for cataract, and was under strict orders from the physician not to leave her couch. But, on the announcement of the condition of Ballanche, she immediately rose, and went to his bedside, and watched by him until his last breath. In the anxiety and tears of this experience, she lost all hope of recovering her sight. Her incomparable friend received the supreme hospitality at her hands, and was buried in her family told—leaving, in his works, a delightful picture of his mind; in his life, a perfect model of devotion. The removal of this soul, echo of her own; this heart, wholly filled by her; this mind, so gladly submissive to her influence—could not but leave a mighty void behind. For, notwithstanding the wondrous array of gifts, attractions, and attentions lavished on her, her deep sensibility and interior loneliness made her often unhappy. She would sit by herself, in the twilight, playing from memory choice pieces of the great masters of music, the tears rolling down her cheeks. Friendship was more than a delight—it was a necessity to her.

De Tocqueville pronounced an exquisite eulogy by the grave of Ballanche, in the name of the Academy. La Prade, in the funeral address he delivered at Lyons, the birthplace of the deceased, said, "There was in his mind, in its serenity, its charming simplicity, its tenderness, something more than is found in the wisest and the best. His virtue was of a divine nature; it was at once a prolonged innocence and an acquired wisdom. Serene and radient as his soul may now be in the mansions of peace, we can hardly conceive of it as more loving and more pure than we beheld it on this earth of infirmity and of strife." What a delight it is to contemplate the relation that bound two such spirits together—the measureless treasures of inspiration, solace, joy, it must have yielded to them both! Sarah Austin, who was in Paris at the time Ballanche died, and an intimate of the illustrious circle of friends, says, "I shall never forget the consternation, mingled with sorrow, which this death caused. Everybody felt regret for so pure and excellent a man, but yet more of grief and pity for Madame Recamier, whose loss was felt to be overwhelming and entirely irreparable." Ampere says, in his cordial and glowing memoir of Ballanche, "While he was composing his 'Antigone,' Poetry appeared to him under an enchanting form. He became acquainted with her, of whom he said that the charm of her presence laid his sorrows to sleep; who, after being the soul of his most elevated and delicate inspirations, became in later years the providence of every moment of his life." Ballanche himself often assured Madame Recamier that the ideal of the "Antigone" of his dreams was revealed to him by her, and that, in drawing this perfect portrait, he had copied largely from her. "It was only through Eurydice," he writes, "that Orpheus had any mission for his brother-men. If my name survives me, as appears more and more probable, I shall be called the Philosopher of the Abbaye-aux Bois, and my philosophy will be considered as inspired by you. This thought is my joy. I am now entering on the last stage of my life—however long this stage may be, I know well what is at the end of it. I shall fall asleep in the bosom of a great hope, full of confidence that your memory and mine will live the same life." Fortunate friends! happy in their living union immaculate as heaven, happy in the grateful admiration and love of all fit souls who shall ever read of them!

Beethoven's Eccentricity.—Beeth oven, though not an old man, was so deaf as, in a manner, to be lost to society. He heard no one speak. His temper was soured by his misfortune, and he became as fractious and unmanageable in company as a wayward child. So averse was he to *exhibiting* himself, as he termed it, that it was difficult to get him to the piano-forte. Whoever wanted him to perform must cheat him into it. At a friend's house, once, to obtain the pleasure of hearing him, the artifice was practiced of every one leaving the room, except the host, who contrived to detain his scientific guest by commencing a conversation with him through the media of pen, ink, and paper. They had not interchanged many ideas, before the gentleman, as if by chance, struck the keys of the piano beside which they were sitting, gradually began to run over one of the great master's own compositions, purposely made numerous errors, and at length blundered so egregiously that the composer condescended to stretch out his hand and put him right. That was enough—his fingers were on the instrument. He immediately left him, on some pretext, and joined the company in the next room, who were patiently waiting the issue of the stratagem. The musician, left by himself, sat down to the piano, struck a few hurried and interrupted chords, then became more regular, gradually forgot everything but that in which his very soul became absorbed, and ran on for half an hour, in a varied, emphatic, and frenzied style that exactly corresponded with the swelling muscles of his face, the starting veins, and the wild rolling of his eye. The amateurs were so enraptured that they could not help running into the room to express their delight. But he instantly detected the trick that had been played upon him, and, in a rage, rejected their applause.

The Colored Actor.—Ira Aldridge, the mulatto actor of European note, who died in Poland, on August 10th, was born at a village called Bellaire, near Baltimore, Md., about 1810, and was apprenticed to a ship carpenter, learning his trade in the same yard with Molynœux, the notorious negro pugilist and prize-fighter. From association with the German population, which is very large on the western shore of Maryland, he learned to speak the German language familiarly, and also picked up a degree of education rarely obtained by those of African descent where negro slavery exists. When Edmund Kean was in the United States, Aldridge became his personal attendant, and accompanied him to England, where his natural talent for the stage was developed and cultivated. He has played as tragedian in nearly all the large cities of Europe, and has been everywhere received with favor. The King of Prussia, at Berlin, wrote him an autograph letter, accompanying the first-class medal of art and science. The Emperor of Austria conferred on him the Grand Cross of Leopold, and at Berne he received the medal merit in the shape of a magnificent Maltese cross. The Czar of Russia gave him similar decorations.

Emerson on the Origin of the House of Lords.—The most epigramatic statement in Mr. Emerson's writings has been lately quoted in Great Britain *not* with approval. It is this: "Twenty thousand thieves landed at Hastings, and founded the House of Lords." For pure wit can this be exceeded?

Good Advice.—Be reserved, says William Penn, but not sour; grave, but not formal; bold, but not rash; humble, but not servile; patient, but not insensible; constant, but not obstinate; cheerful, but not light; rather be sweet tempered than familiar; familiar rather than intimate, and intimate with very few and upon good grounds.

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